THE PARK BENCH

June

"De Nihil, Nihil Fit"

1943

City Park Collegiate Institute

"Aftermath"

We present a two-process linoleum cut by Ernest Lindner, a local artist who has gained nation-wide prominence for his interpretation of the Western Canadian scene. "Aftermath", printed on a quality of paper suitable for framing, is typical of his many pictures of Saskatchewan's north.

This book is
dedicated to
The Four
Freedoms. .

The Park Bench

Published by the Students of
City Park Collegiate

Volume Fifteen Number One

June, 1943

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FRONT ROW: *Miss Maguire; Mrs. Paul; Mr. Anderson; Miss Wilson, Miss Andreason.*

THE PRINCIPAL'S MESSAGE

For the past four school years, Canada has been taking her part in a life and death struggle to secure the Four Freedoms for all nations. Fortunately, the tide of war lately seems to have turned very definitely in favor of the United Nations, and those who should know assure us that final victory can be taken for granted during the next year or two.

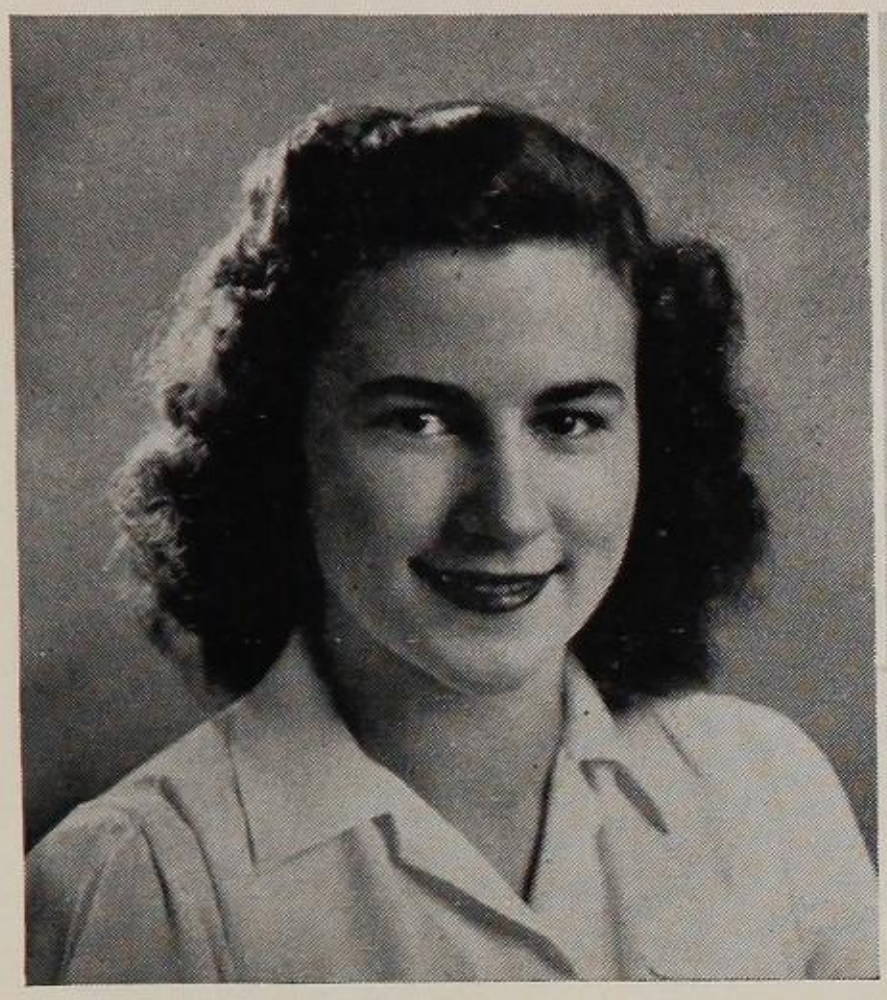
In no small way has this school been affected. Six of our original teachers are now serving in the Armed Forces, hundreds of our former students are either overseas or in training in Canada, and many have already given their lives or been reported missing. This past year our programme has been seriously interrupted. Two of our teachers and many students left us during the year to enlist. Due to the extra time required for cadet work, some of our academic classes have been reduced in number and practically all assemblies of the student body during school hours have been cancelled. In spite of all this, we have had a successful year. We appreciate particularly the services of Miss Maguire and Mrs. Paul, who so ably have filled the gaps caused by the resignations of Miss McFarlane and Miss Brown.

I would like to congratulate the student body on their splendid sportsmanship and success in all their extra-curricular activities and intercollegiate sports during the year.

To those who are leaving City Park this year, I would say "I hope your associations at this school have helped to fit you to become worthy citizens. Good Luck to you wherever you may go." Those who will still be with us, I would challenge you to do your best to keep up the good example set by your predecessors.

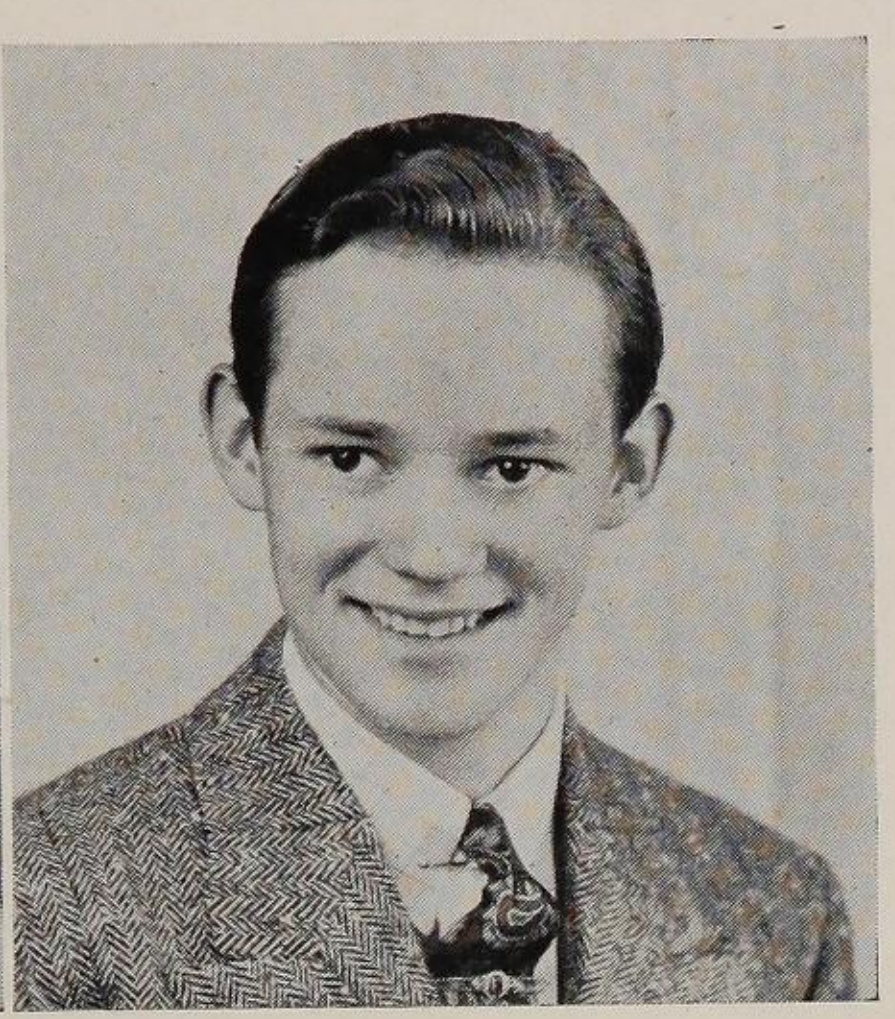
—R. N. ANDERSON.

SENIOR PIN



SHEILA CAIRNS

SENIOR WATCH



ERIC SIGVALDASON

A Message from the Senior Pin and Senior Watch

Another year is past, and in passing ends for us a phase of life we will always remember. Our happiest memories will be those of the years of comradeship, work, and play spent in City Park.

1942-43 has been a proud year for us here. Never before have so many trophies graced the Library walls. The soccer, curling, and girls' basketball championships were won from Nutana, while the boys basketball and rugby cups were retained for another year. Not only in sports has City Park excelled but in Dramatics—our play winning another cup for Northern Saskatchewan.

Last year the only Inter-collegiate Nite was held at City Park. Due to its great success the four collegiates adapted the innovation this year, which not only provided evenings of sterling entertainment but a feeling of co-operation among the four collegiates. Other enjoyable evenings spent in the auditorium were the Operetta and Dramatic Night.

Four years ago the present system of student government was installed. In the following years many changes have been made to guarantee its success. Never before has there been such a spirit of co-operation and unity in the school body as a whole.

We would like to extend our gratitude to Mr. Knight for his guidance in difficult times and to the teachers for their helpful co-operation throughout the year. We wish to thank the House Leaders for their undying efforts to keep up the Inter-House spirit and competition. We regret deeply Lawrence Wiedrick's illness and we hopefully extend to him our sincere wishes for a speedy and complete recovery.

Early in our collegiate life the clouds of war overcast pre-war pleasures and brought serious thinking. Many of our fellow students and graduates have left civil life to enter the King's Services—to them we extend our sincere wishes of good luck and our hopes for a speedy victory.

We hope that the knowledge you have gained in academic work, the sportsmanship in extra curricular activities, the discipline in the Cadets, and character you have built up in City Park will stand by you in the coming years.

A MESSAGE FROM THE EDITOR

The publication of this book ends another year of school, the last for many of us. We have tried to set out in THE PARK BENCH all the activities of the past season, so that you may have a record of the achievements of the Alma Mater during that time. If we were to deal adequately with this year's accomplishments, we could use reams of paper. Let it suffice to be said that they have been considerable, and that we are all proud of those who helped to bring triumph to City Park. Let us work and fight to retain our laurels next year.

On looking back on four years of collegiate, we have still to be satisfied with the part freshmen play in the school's life. They should realize that all these clubs and activities are meant to include the whole school. Nor does the fault lie entirely with the freshmen. The seniors can and should do everything possible to incorporate each year's newcomers into the inner ranks of every school organization.

For those who are leaving school there is an uncertain future. Many, in joining the forces, will be following examples set by brothers and friends. It should not be forgotten that there is just as important a work for those who are unable to fight. Wherever we are, our object must be victory.

City Park has six teachers, besides many students, in the armed forces. Mr. Walker left before the time of most of us, but we still hear glowing reports of him. Mr. Frith will be remembered by most of us. He is stationed locally and sometimes visits the school. Mr. Arn, our former general coach and athletic director as well as teacher has his influence still felt in the school. Mr. Wickenden was Mr. MacKinnon's forerunner as staff representative on THE PARK BENCH. Many fond memories remain. Miss Brown and Miss MacFarlane have left indelible impressions on City Park. THE PARK BENCH takes it upon itself to represent the school in wishing all of these teachers and the former students serving His Majesty, Godspeed and Good Luck!

* * * *

We imagine that most of the students who buy this book peruse it more or less carefully, ready to comment on its good points, but equally ready to point out its inaccuracies and discrepancies. They will keep the book as a souvenir and from time to time glance at it, possibly without thinking of the time and labour spent on its production.

It is not that we begrudge this labour, for it was enjoyable and gave us some insight into the printing business. But we do look back and wonder what would have become of THE PARK BENCH had it not been for the business and advertising staff who got out and obtained enough advertising to put us over the top. In this connection we owe a great deal indeed to Mr. Gryte, Ruth Bowen, Doug Woodley, and Ron Sommervill.

The editors, appointed rather than elected, have rendered great service to the book. Grace Spring has been a great help in preparing this work. Mr. MacKinnon rates special praise for his helpful guidance. Thanks a lot, all of you. And to the rest of the school: remember that THE PARK BENCH is a school-wide project, capable of carrying on only so long as YOU back it.

S.R.C.

STANDING: *Lyall Markley; Shirley Norrie; Harold Estey; Beatrice Eastwood; Joe Potts.*
SITTING: *Joan Rochon; Sheila Cairns; Mr Knight; Eric Sigvaldason; Beth Miller.*

THE S.R.C.

Pictured above is that well known group, The Students' Representative Council, from which the school's activities radiate. "Siggy" and Sheila have been our leaders, elected to fill the offices cf Senior Pin and Senior Watch for this past year. No one has regretted that choice, for they have led our school through one of the most successful years in its history. Joe and Beth were there doing their best for Bate the whole year through. Shirley and Laurence, who unfortunately has been ill and was absent when the picture was taken, have stood faithfully and steadfastly at Cairns' helm, guiding it through the school year. Lyall and Joan kept Haultain in the midst of the fight all the time. Beatrice and Harold worked wholeheartedly throughout the school term and kept Martin right in there pitching. Indeed, with such a fine group cf workers, it is not surprising that we have hit the top in everything. Not even a murmur was heard from them throughout the whole year, so absorbed were they in their work, and so determined to do their duty (two bits, please!) But seriously, this past year is one to be remembered. And so to the S.R.C., for making the 1942-1943 term as successful as it has been, we give the heartiest congratulations.

House of Bate

As we are all aware, City Park is organized on a competitive house system. We consider it advisable to point out to the school in general and to the House of Bate in particular, the importance of the House system. As far as sports are concerned their value depends on quantity not quality. Although inter-collegiate teams strive to produce the finest teams possible, House teams strive to draw each member into the sport concerned. Therefore, although you might not be able to make an inter-collegiate team, remember that your House team is equally if not more important to the school as a whole.

The track activities commenced this year, as usual, with the First Year Track Meet. The House of Cairns was really outstanding in this, but, however, Bate's newcomers gained valuable experience for future meets. Betty Wilson and Bob Spooner proved to be Bate's foremost contribution.

The House soccer was practically absent from inter-House sports this year due to the delayed opening of the school term (C'est la guerre). When occasion permits, we hope to see it back on the active list in its rightful place.

Bate definitely walked off with the basketball honors this year. In the girls' divisions the Juveniles, Intermediates and Seniors won their respective divisions, but were not as successful in competition against the other schools. In the boys' divisions, the Juniors, Intermediates and Seniors reached the finals but only the Juniors managed to capture the championship. However, the other two teams should be congratulated for their good sportsmanship and the determination which, they displayed. Our championship team, after having defeated Bedford in the semi-finals, was itself defeated by Tech in the finals.

We should like to see, weather permitting, House hockey take its active place in inter-House sports. It was made conspicuous by its absence this year.

Our entry into the drama night this year was highly successful under the capable direction of Beverley Hogarth. The cast of our presentation INDIAN SUMMER included Beatrice Wrigley, Ralph Nursall, Don Kirk and Beth Miller. The latter was successful in carrying off the girls' individual award. The adjudicator, Professor Edmunds, commented favorably on the costuming and fine drama content therein. His criticisms were constructive for cast and audience alike.

The annual school track meet was the second and final track event of the year. Our hopes for the championship, arising from the morning results, were doused at the completion of the day's activities. We finally found ourselves in third place following Cairns and Martin. Our sincerest appreciation goes to those students who entered events in order to uphold the House and who only managed to bring in a few points here and there. This sportsmanlike attitude is what counts most in our House system. We heartily thank, at the same time, those other students who were successful in capturing a great many points, amongst them Kay Nagle, Hazel Meyers, Betty Wilson, Lorne Carroll, Lloyd Ellis, Bob Spooner and Ted Spencer.

We can say little about either girls' or boys' softball as their schedule is just commencing. However, we will warrant, since softball is a popular sport, that it will take care of its own success.

The House tennis tournament is being revived again, taking place in the spring rather than the fall. It should merit strong support from every one.

In closing, we wish to thank all the members of the House of Bate for their swell support in all our activities this year. We know you will support our successors as much as you have supported us. Thank you again, good luck and good-bye—

—BETH MILLER and JOE POTTS.

BATE GIRLS

BATE BOYS

House of Cairns

Clippety, clippety, clip, clap,
Flippety, flippety, flip, flap,
Clip, clap, flip, flap,
C-A-I-R-N-S, CAIRNS,
Rah! Rah! Rah!

"De Nihil, Nihil Fit" sed "De Multe, Multum Fit". The latter is well illustrated by the House of Cairns this year. Cairns produced few stars. However, the spirit and attitude of the students in general accounts for the great success of the House.

Repeating the performance for the twelfth year, Cairns' soccer team captured the championship. Although all the players played well, we would especially like to mention Jack Clark, "Kewpie" Sasseville, "Sailor" Hewitt, and Bob Abbey.

Due to the fact that over half of the school basketball team was made up of Cairns boys, our house teams were greatly handicapped. In spite of this, the intermediate team defeated the other competitors. Much of their success was due to their coach, Jim Gardner, and Jim Hall, Doug Woodley and Jim Bain.

The junior girls, not satisfied with the inter-house honors, proceeded to win the inter-collegiate championship. The splendid co-operation of the girls, captained by Margo Van Haerlem, and the excellent coaching of Doris Woods were the main factors leading to this victory. We wish to express our appreciation to Mrs. Paul and Mr. Evans whose leadership kept things running smoothly.

In winning the First Year Track Meet, Cairns pays special tribute to Helen Willie and Keith Downey, for their stalwart efforts not only brought honor to our house, but they carried off the individual trophies for themselves. Besides these, we have many other prospects from whom we expect great things.

Although on Dramatic Night Cairns play did not succeed in taking first place, it was rated by most as runner-up. Carmen Zappa, director of "The Cloak of Evil" was aided by Jim Gardner asst. director, Janet Culham, Julius Malaro, Dave Klaehn, Keith Downey, Marybelle Lang and Frank Szombathy, last but certainly not least. Frank, a first year, received the award for the best actor. This young lad has shown considerable ability, and we wish him great success in the years to come.

Climaxing the events of the year, Cairns took the cup for the Inter-House Track Meet. The credit for the winning of this honor goes to all members of the house who participated, and especially to Frank Szombathy, winner of the juvenile individual award, Effie Hoffman, Margo Van Haerlem, Pearl Strumm, Jim Gardner, Jim Hall and Keith Downey.

We regret that Lawrence Wiedrick, our worthy House Leader, became ill in March, and has been unable to carry on his duties. We sincerely hope that he will soon recover.

We are confident that the high standard attained by the House of Cairns will be lived up to in future years, and that the much coveted Grand Aggregate Shield, which we now hold, will be in our possession many more times.

"We did it before, and we can do it again."

—BOB CRAIG and SHIRLEY NORRIE.

CAIRNS GIRLS

CAIRNS BOYS

House of Haultain

Alevevo, alevevo,
Alevevo vivo, vum.
Johnny got a rat trap
Bigger than a cat trap
Johnny got a rat trap
Bigger than a cat trap
Cannibo, cannibo,
Zis boom bah,
Haultain, Haultain,
Rah! Rah! Rah!

The House of Haultain can be proud of the standard upheld this year. Our championships, so far as trophies are concerned, are few, but we have won many championships in another field, that of fair play and sportsmanship. After all "it is not that you've won or lost but how you played the game," and in this respect we have been foremost.

Perhaps our biggest individual contribution to the school has been our Senior Watch, "Siggy". For the past three years this honor has been held by a Haultain member.

Five members of our House Soccer team were successful in making a position on the championship inter-collegiate team. In the House competition this aggregation always provided stiff competition to any opponent but we failed to cop the major honors.

In the first year track-meet a host of enthusiastic newcomers participated in the events to place our House in second position, a few points behind the winners. It was good work on the part of the freshies, and two outstanding track prospects, Eric Brown and Roberta Cole, were discovered.

Basketball was especially encouraging this year and to Haultain juvenile boys go congratulations. They not only swept through the House league, but trounced both Bedford and Nutana to take inter-collegiate honors. In the other divisions, Haultain boys played spirited basketball, and had large, enthusiastic turn-outs. Girls' House Basketball embarked on a new arrangement this year and proved highly successful. Haultain seniors were nosed out in the knock-out competition, and the other divisions gave their whole-hearted support.

While our dramatic contribution to the annual Drama Night received its share of constructive criticism it was, however, according to the adjudicator a commendable effort. The selection of the play was criticised but those participating did justice to it. The cast under Director Nano Nagle and Assistant Murray Caswell included Colleen Saunders, Marly Miles, Ron Sommervill and Lorna Main.

We, of the House of Haultain, must remember that our work is not finished at the completion of this term. We must realize, to quote Mr. Arn, that "we learn what we do, and our best is none too good." Get behind your House and your leaders and give them everything you've got. Take part in all activities—sports, dramatics and social, and you'll gain from them experiences which will be invaluable in the final game which is just ahead of us.

JOAN ROCHON and LYALL MARKLEY.

HAULTAIN GIRLS

HAULTAIN BOYS

House of Martin

Boom chicarackabee
Boom yah yah
House of Martin
Rah! rah! rah!
First in learning
Sports and all
Boom chicarackbee
Boom yah yah

This year, the members of the House of Martin, although not very successful in competition, showed a co-operative and sportsmanlike spirit toward all activities.

Due to a poor turnout, Martin got off to a slow start with the first year track meet. Elida Larson was Martin's outstanding athlete, netting a large majority of our points. She was also runner-up for individual honours.

Our soccer team was seriously handicapped due to the large number of Martin boys playing on the Senior Rugby team. Even with this difficulty, the boys displayed a fine house spirit and turned out faithfully to the games. Martinites are looking forward to a better season next fall.

House basketball, under the capable direction of Mrs. Paul and Mr. Evans, enjoyed a highly successful season. The senior boys house team, coached by Bill Hughes, captured the inter-house title, and then beat Nutana in the finals. The girls teams did not make such a good showing, but it was not for lack of interest. Better luck next year, girls.

Martin's biggest triumph of the year came when after much hard work, we captured the inter-house dramatic cup with our play "The Spider's Web", capably directed by Sheila Gordon. The cast, consisting of Neil Harris, Frank Hammond, Malcolm Macdonald, Muriel Draycott, Pat Speck, Thurston Bonney, and Aird Hogarth, ably upheld Martin's reputation in dramatics. In the Northern Provincial Drama Festival, held at the Regent Theatre, the Martin cast again took top honours. Although not quite so successful in the Provincial Drama Festival, held in Darke Hall, Regina, the cast was commended on its fine performance. Neil Harris, as the mad doctor, won the award for the best individual performance. We are all proud of the effort put forth by the cast and directors, and wish to offer them our hearty congratulations.

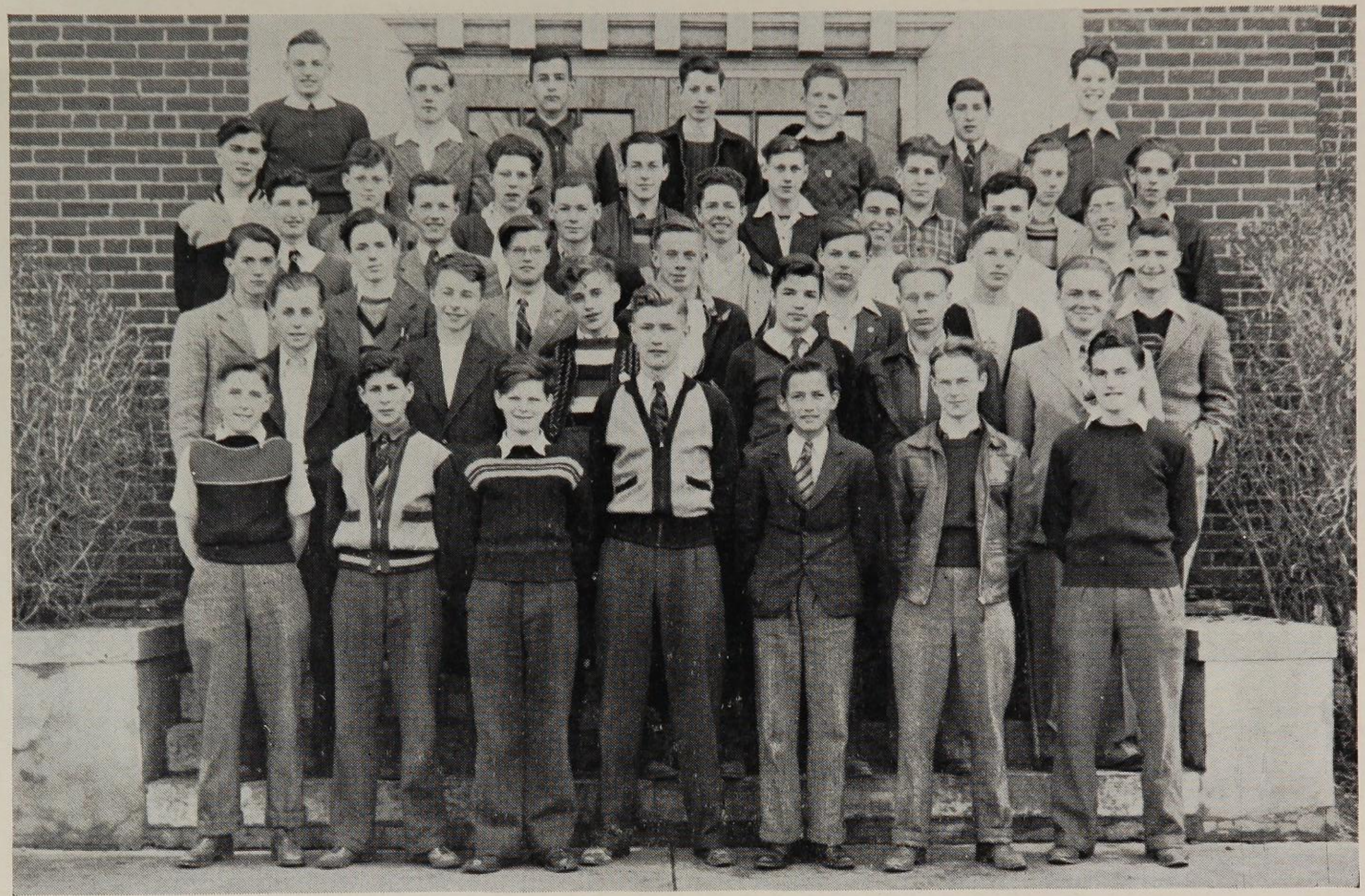
We would like to suggest for future years that house hockey be revived, and that house curling be established. We are of the opinion that more activities like these would stimulate a greater house spirit.

We wish, in closing, to thank all the members of the house of Martin for their interest and co-operation in house and school activities, and to express a hope for success in coming years.

—BEATRICE EASTWOOD, HAROLD ESTEY.

MARTIN GIRLS

MARTIN BOYS



Inter-House Sports

BOYS' FIRST YEAR TRACK

Last fall the first year students experienced their annual track meet. Due to the systematic work of the organizers, the various events were run off with perfect co-operation. To those in charge we extend our sincere thanks.

The new idea of having seven "places", definitely aroused keener competition and doubtlessly increased the number of participants. The events were the 75, 100, and 440 yard sprints plus the high and broad jumps.

Keith Downey of Cairns and Eric Brown of Haultain captured the top honors receiving 33 and 22 points respectively. Although Keith starred he had strong competition from various quarters.

After the second afternoon it was a decided fact that Cairns and Haultain had the majority of winning athletes. However changes have been made to rectify this. Nevertheless the house spirit was present in good proportion.

Again we wish to thank Mr. McKechney and the committee in charge; and hope that all future track meets will be met with the same enthusiasm.

—BOB SPOONER.

GIRLS' FIRST YEAR TRACK

This year's grade nine girls started their first term at City Park with a bang-up track meet. As luck was with them, they had two beautiful October afternoons in which to run it off. The meet went smoothly, through the co-operation of the girls with one another and with the help of the teachers and the S.R.C. While there was co-operation in organizing the meet, on the track it was replaced by keen inter-house competition. Our stars of the afternoon were HELEN WILLIE (C) with 16½ points, and ELIDA LARSON (M) with 16 points.

It has been said that there is a very bright future for the grade nine girls. I wouldn't say that's right, but "could be".

RESULTS OF THE TRACK MEET

Bate	32½
Cairns	137
Haultain	92
Martin	18½

—BETTY WILSON.

GIRLS' HOUSE BASKETBALL

This year has beyond a doubt been a most successful inter-house basketball season. We'd like to thank Mrs. Paul and the senior girls for all the help they gave us.

We heartily applaud the new system of having coaches for the individual teams. Thanks to the one who thought up this idea, and may they have many more of them.

We are indeed proud of the clean sportsmanship shown in all games, and the manner in which the girls turned out to support their houses.

Final standings are as follows:
BATE—32; CAIRNS—30; MARTIN—25; HAULTAIN—9.

—JEAN NETTLE

BOYS' BASKETBALL

The arrival of spring brought to a close another successful season of basketball, City Park's most popular inter-house sport.

Before the season opened, first year and new boys were given an opportunity to better acquaint themselves with the game by taking part in several practices. As a result, a much better game than might otherwise have been expected, was played throughout the season.

As in previous years, exhibition games only were played before Christmas. Each team played in 3 of these, and as a result, was in fine condition for the league.

After Christmas, 6 league games were played by each team. Victory fell to the HOUSE of MARTIN, which took a 2 point lead over second place BATE.

The results of the league were as follows:

	JUVENILE			**JUNIOR**			**INTERMEDIATE**			**SENIOR**			**TOTAL**
	W	T	L	W	T	L	W	T	L	W	T	L	Total
Bate	3	1	1	5	—	1	3	—	3	3	—	3	29
Cairns	—	1	1	1	—	1	4	1	1	2	—	4	16
Haultain	2	2	2	5	—	1	1	—	5	1	—	5	20
Martin	5	—	1	1	—	5	3	1	2	6	—	—	31

In the subsequent two-game-total-point-knockouts, the following teams took top honors, and won the right to represent CITY PARK in the inter-collegiate playoffs: Haultain Juveniles, Cairns Intermediates, Bate Juniors, and Martin Seniors.

Two of these teams were successful. Both Haultain Juveniles and Martin Seniors carried off winners' laurels.

Our other two teams met with defeat due to lack of finish around the opponents basket. Time and again plays clicked perfectly, only to fall to pieces at the last moment.

Credit for much of our success this year is due, as in past years, to Mr. Evans' untiring work, both in organization and at games. The fact that more boys took part in HOUSE BASKETBALL than in any other sport testifies to his high degree of efficiency. To Mr. Evans we express our sincere appreciation.

We also extend thanks to the referees, scorekeepers, and timekeepers, for their excellent work in making our league the success it was.

—TOM SHARP

CURLING

Curling this year in City Park was most successful, both competition and the number of teams entered being much greater than in the past. Eight teams in all were entered, in addition to a number of substitutes. As the playoffs drew near, all the curlers were at their best and each team was eager to try for the honors. Their arrival brought mutual satisfaction to all, and after the smoke of battle had cleared, the team skipped by Herb Clement emerged victorious, having defeated Jinx MacDonald's rink in the final game. As a result of their activities, the skips of the eight rinks received crests.

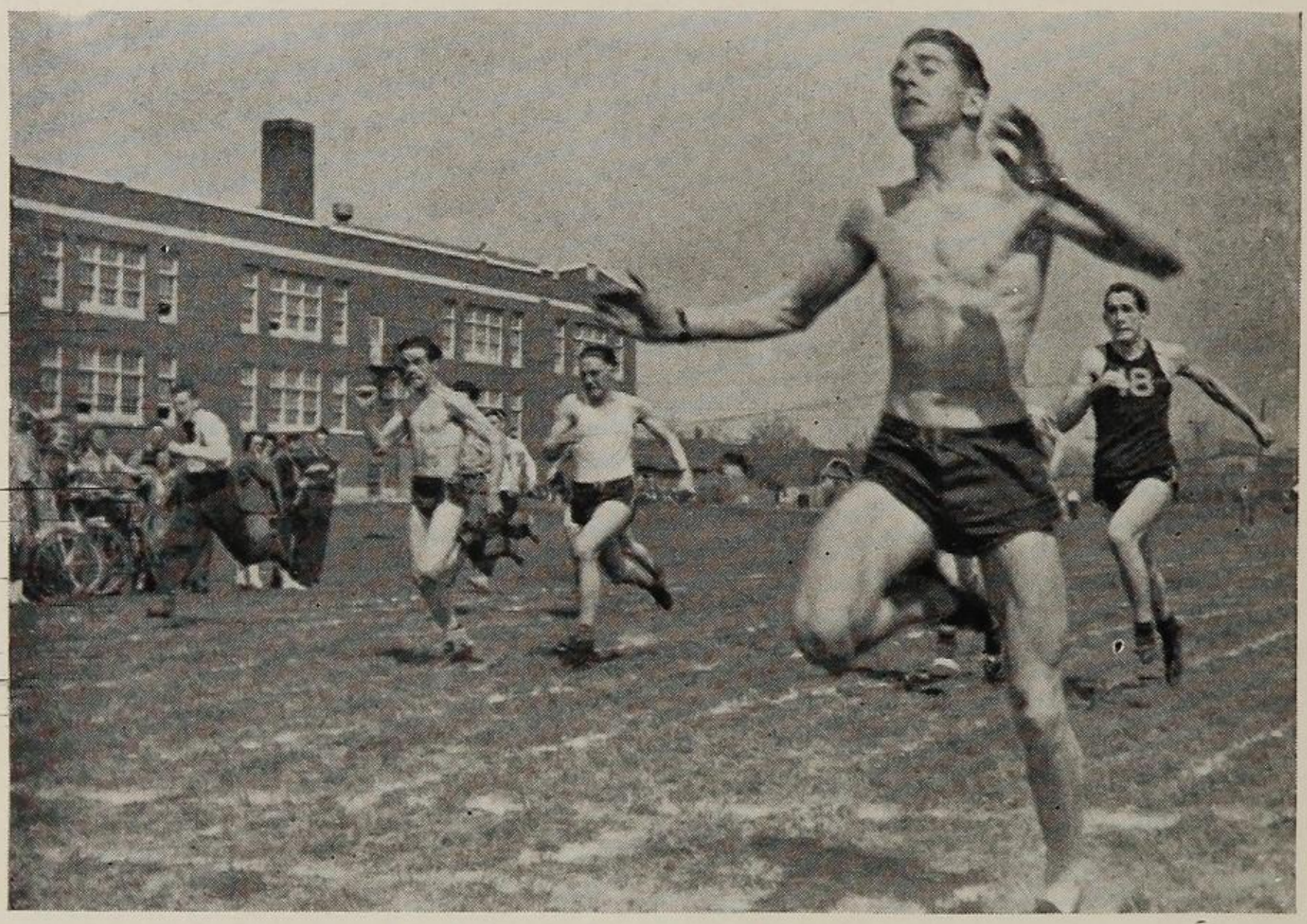
The inter-collegiate finals were played this year between Bedford Road, Nutana, and City Park. City Park first played Nutana and then met Bedford, winning both games, and so bringing a successful conclusion to the season's activities. The members of the winning team were: Jim Crickett, Bob Sasseville, Jim Harrington, and Herb Clement.

It is hoped that the increased interest in curling will continue next year, and under the capable guidance of Mr. Early it hardly seems possible for it to do otherwise. Many thanks Mr. Early, and may next year be even more prosperous.

The excutive of the curling club this year consisted of: President—Don Kirk, Vice-President—Herb Clement, and Secretary—Bob Myers.

HERB CLEMENT.

C. P. C. I. TRACK MEET



LEFT TO RIGHT: *Jim Crickett; Earle Elliott; Harold Stacey; Bob Strother; Lorne Carroll.*

The Junior half-mile opened City Park's Annual Track Meet this year, and proved a fitting beginning to an exciting day. Competition was particularly keen, and as the number of contestants was proportionately great, it is little wonder that the events came to the expectations of all concerned.

In the Senior division, Lorne Carroll was successful in taking top honors with 47 points, and in doing so, lived up to his reputation of being City Park's distance runner. He was followed closely by Jim Gardner with 45 points, who made an excellent showing in all events, and gave promise of even greater things next year. Rollie Williams with 40 points and Jim Hall with 36, were winner and runner-up respectively in the Junior division. The best of the Juveniles were Frank Szombathy and Ted Spencer, both completing their first year at City Park. Frank's 51 points were enough to give him a 4½ point lead over his close rival, who surprised everyone with his speed in the sprints, as well as in the distance running.

The girls events were equally successful, with Kay Nagle topping the Senior division, outdistancing Sheila Cairns by 3½ points. Betty Salter was rewarded for her efforts by earning the Junior title 4½ points ahead of her nearest opponent Dot Horel. The honor of turning in the best Juvenile performance went to Elida Larson, who led her nearest opponent Betty Wilson by 12 points. Elida got 35½ points.

When the results of the meet had been tabulated, members of the House of Cairns learned that they led the field with a grand total of 407½ points, followed

by Martin with 371½, Bate with 326½, and Haultain with 249. All the Houses were well represented with both supporters and contestants, and it was this fact that contributed greatly to the general success of the day.

To the members of the Staff and the Student Body who organized and conducted the various events, credit is indeed due, and is cheerfully given, and even if Mr. Andreen's tape did get tangled, and the starting-gun did refuse to work, I am sure that the rest of the school will join me in saying that Track this year was one of City Park's best.

—P. SPELLER.

GIRLS' TRACK WINNERS

BACK ROW: *Margo Van Haerlem; Sheila Cairns; Hazel Meyers;*
MIDDLE ROW: *Betty Wilson; Meredith Hall; Betty Salter.*
FRONT ROW: *Elida Larson; Dot Horel; Pearl Strumm; Kay Nagle.*

BADMINTON

The badminton club, for senior girls, was organized in the fall under Mrs. Paul. The enthusiasm was good at first but dwindled off until we were obliged to give over the floor and the time to the boys' basketball. The officers were Helen Stone and Audrey Anton.

Badminton seems out for the duration, but after the war, there will be a re-awakened interest in the many sports now suffering from lack of support.

—HELEN STONE.

RUGBY

Inter-Collegiate Sports

RUGBY

The 1942 rugby season turned out to be one of City Park's best. Winning the championship was a double victory for the men of the gridiron. In the first place the maroon and gold boys added another cup to our collection; secondly they set a new record, for it is the third consecutive year a City Park rugby team has won the league title. Much is owed to the untiring efforts of Mr. Kalmakoff, who gave unselfishly of his rugby talents.

In the first game City Park met Nutana Collegiate's fighting boys. We came out on the long end of a 33-0 score. This gave the team the much-needed confidence which proved to be a winning factor in the championship game. The team gave a good account of itself in the second game, eking out a well earned victory over Tech, showing it would have to be reckoned with before that silver cup would leave our shelf.

City Park succeeded in adding one more shutout when they trimmed Bedford 26-0, making it three straight wins, and demonstrating City Park had what it takes to win a championship. Once the team got rolling they moved the yardsticks down the field, pushing the Bedford boys over the goal-line for five touchdowns.

The final game was a memorable one for many reasons. The most important was it proved our prowess on the rugby gridiron where City Park teams have always maintained an unblemished standard of both good sportsmanship and respect for the other teams in the circuit..

Tech were our opponents. The place, a cold, hard Cairn's field. Our boys were cold but they realized that Tech was cold too. The play seesawed up and down the field with each team in its turn usually trying two bucks and a punt. Suddenly City Park broke loose with flashing end runs, vicious line plunges, forwards straight and true, and dissillusioning reverses that seemed to work to perfection. At last splendid teamwork rewarded their efforts and they scored a touchdown which proved to be the winning score. The touchdown was converted and we led 6-0. The fighting Tech boys turned on the pressure but the City Park linemen held off threat after threat until the final whistle blew, retaining their unbeaten record, and keeping the cup on our library shelf.

Throughout the entire schedule the City Park lads proved that teamwork and good sportsmanship always pay off in the end.

The timing of the squad in their shifts to their positions was brought down to perfection by constant practice under Doug Carson, the assistant coach, who gave his utmost effort to get the boys in shape and round them out to fighting trim. His efforts were very successful as there was only one serious injury during the entire season, that being to Roland Williams, star backfielder for the past two seasons.

And so I would like to say "Thanks, fellows, for bringing back the title" and to those fifteen fortunate boys of this year's squad who will be playing next year "the best of luck to you."

—BOB SASSEVILLE.

BACK ROW: *Bob Strother; Lorne Carroll; Rollie Williams; Lyall Markley; Bob Craig; Lloyd Ellis.*
THIRD ROW: *Murray Caswell; Jim Hall; Alan McDonald; Mr. Kalmakoff; Keith Downey; Ray Cummine; Art Potts.*
SECOND ROW: *Hugh Simpson; Bob McDonald; Harold Estey; Doug McMillan; Joe Potts; Aird Hogarth; Jim Gardner.*
FRONT ROW: *Jim Bain; Doug Woodley; Pete Killey; Hugh Goodman; Alan Booth; Joe Wallis.*

SOCCER

BACK ROW: *John Connell; Eric Sigvaldason; Jack Clark; Mr. Tufts; Bill Hughes; Jack Shaver; Peter Cameron.*

MIDDLE ROW: *Bob Myers; Herb Clement; Bob Abbey; Bob Sasseville; Harold Stacey; Walter Gilding; Fred Rawson.*

FRONT ROW: *Neil Harris; Tom Hewitt.*

The Soccer Team made history this year when it won the championship for the first time. During the whole series only one goal was scored against us (cheers). There were two line ups, one for the first three games and another for the rest of the games.

LINE UP

Goal: Sasseville (Clark); Full Back: Clark (Sasseville); Cameron and Hughes (Shaver); Half Back: Harrington (Stacey); Hewitt; Sigvaldson (Abbey); Forward: Myers; Clements (Rawson); Stacey (Siggy); Gilding (Harrington); Connell (Harris).

"Dis is a light team; let's give em da woiks", a Bedford player was overheard say, at the first game of the season. "Da woiks", didn't woik, Connell scored one goal, and Clement, assisted by Myers, scored another. The victory was largely due to our lightest man, Tom Hewitt (165 pounds). Tech had the ball whistling around our ears in the next game, but B. Sasseville held them out of the goal. The game was tied. The only goal against us was scored in the Nutana game.

(Line up changes here). The next game with Bedford was slightly rough. Myers scored one goal for us. We now had five points to Nutana's seven, and had to win both of the following games to get the championship. Although the next game was a trifle slow, Harris managed to slip in a neat goal—assisted by Tech. (Free kick for us.) Nutana tied Bedford, making the score eight, seven for Nutana. The last game was a pip. Clark had his eye on the ball, (when it wasn't on the gals), and stopped every potential goal. Hewitt, Cameron, Hughes, and Shaver had the pleasant job of rooting their hard-earned gains back where they belonged. Myers fooled em. Harris was our fast man. Clement, Connell, and Gilding passed the ball around furiously. Abbey, Stacey, and Siggy worried them so much they all had nervous

(Continued on Page 32)

GIRLS' BASKETBALL

BACK ROW: *Marybelle Lang; Bernice Porteous; Mr. McKechney; Joan Sparks; Dorothy Clement.*

MIDDLE ROW: *Betty Bloom; Doris Woods; Sheila Cairns; Beatrice Eastwood; Joan Walker.*

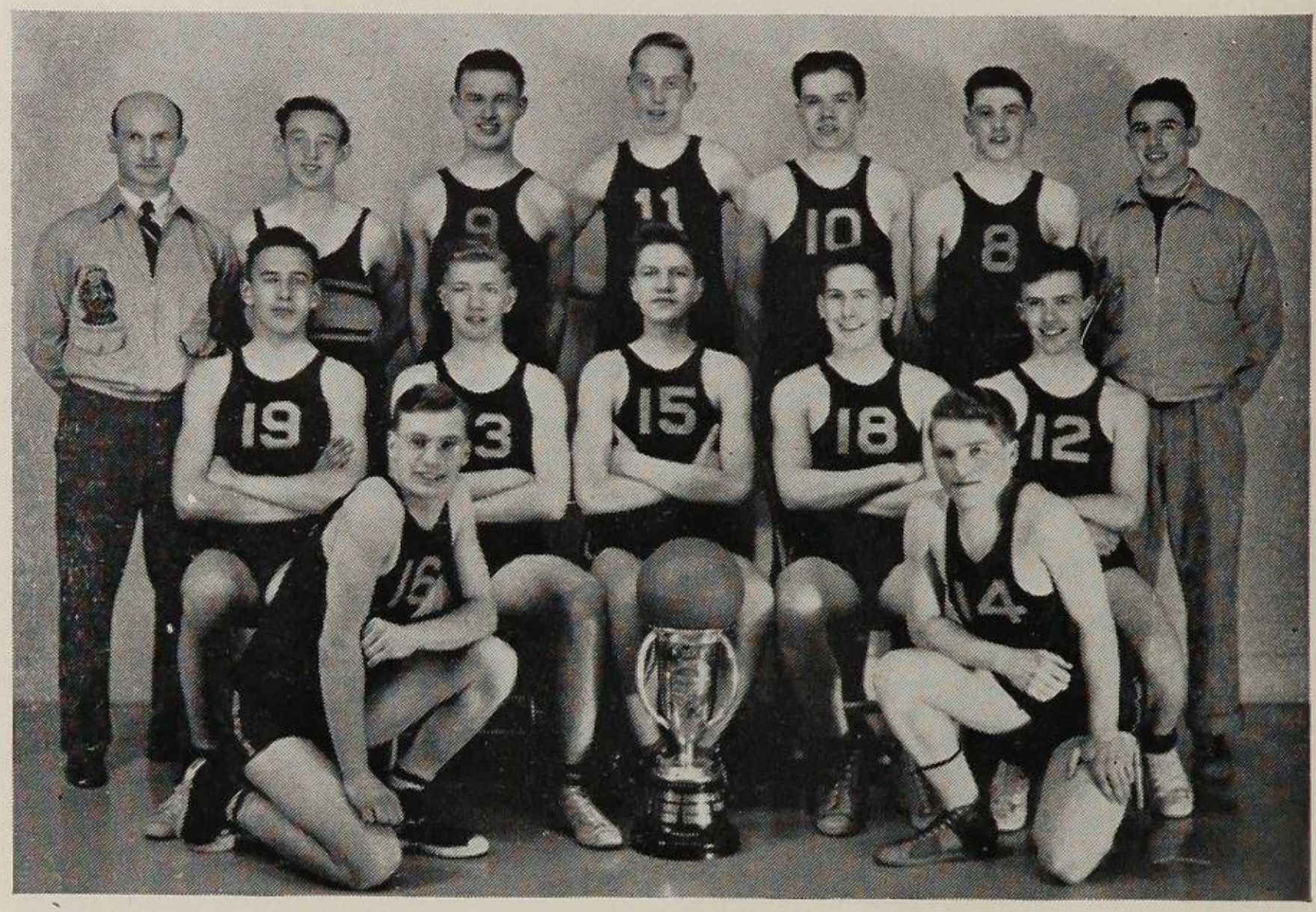
FRONT ROW: *Dorothy Horel; Mary Lee Cole; Effie Hoffman.*

The City Park Girls' Basketball Team made a real comeback this year, securing the city championship after a long lapse of thirteen years. The opening game against Tech really set the pace, with City Park on the better half of 26-14. The following league games proved fairly successful, with Nutana coming out on top and City Park second. This meant the battle for the cup was to be between the double blue and the maroon and gold

The first game of a best two-out-of-three series was played on City Park floor. The game drew many supporters from each school, but the north side team was determined more than ever to win that cup from Nutana High this year. After a hard fight City Park managed to end up ten points ahead of Nutana with a score of 27-17. The second game of this exciting series was played at Nutana auditorium. This time Nutana turned the tables with a final score of 32-27. The deciding game of the season was played at Technical Collegiate with an enormous crowd in attendance. Cheers echoed and reechoed through the hall when many a thrill-packed second put the crowd on their feet. "Time's up!" An excited yell from the timekeeper gave this all-important game to City Park, who nosed out Nutana with a close score of 16-14. Honorable mention goes to the first and second line-ups for excellent teamwork and

(Continued on Page 32)

BOYS' BASKETBALL



STANDING: *Mr. Kalmakoff; Hugh Simpson; Lyall Markley; Phil Speller; Jack Shaver; Jim Gardner; Bob Strother.*
SITTING: *Bill Hughes; Harold Estey; Jack Clark; Lorne Carroll; Rollie Williams.*
KNEELING: *Bob Craig; Bob Sasseville.*

The whole school is proud of our basketball champions. We who do not have the spark of ability and must stand on the sidelines to cheer our team on, envy the glory that covers them as they stride victorious from the floor. But behind this victory and glory lie hours of hard drill, when the smallest mistakes are brought out and raked over the coals. Behind our possession of the coveted trophy lies the untiring work of MR. KALMAKOFF and the team. Don't think those practices are all fun and play. Oh no! they're not. I know. I was at one once. After I was carried away from that session I could understand how the team could win games, playing at dazzling speed.

All through the season City Park came up against one stumbling block; the old rival, Nutana. Games between the two teams were battles of the first degree. Once the score was 28-28, and another time, 20 all. During the finals the teams were extremely well matched. Through the regular schedule of two games with each collegiate, the boys out-played Tech 25-22 and 22-9. Bedford was defeated 32-17 and 37-29. Yet none of these games was exactly a cinch.

The finals with Nutana did not open very satisfactorily for City Park. On home grounds, yes, on home grounds, we were white-washed, beaten 25-12. However, we were not yet sunk, not while the series was two out of three. Appearing in Nutana gym we showed we were still in the fight by trouncing the double blue 26-25. The last, a memorable game, was held on neutral soil, in Tech gym. As the game progressed City Park's mood changed from one disconsolation to jubilation.

(Continued on page **31**)

HOCKEY

BACK ROW: *Mr. Gryte; Don Garrison; Hugh Ketcheson; Zeby Kozolonka; Bud Eastwood; Keith Downey; Stuart Sinclair; Jim Crickett; Lorne Carroll; Lyall Markley; Roland Manson; Bob Strother.*

MIDDLE ROW: *Stuart Hodgins; Gordon Saunders; Jim Tomlinson; Murray Caswell; Jerry Strother; Bob McDonald; Jim Gardner; Rollie Williams; Bob Craig; Don McDonald.*

FRONT ROW: *Frank Szymbathy; George Evans; Hugh Simpson; Doug. McMillan.*

SENIOR HOCKEY

Congratulations are in order for the spirit our Senior Hockey displayed throughout the season. Although they did not fare so well, the boys always got out and fought a hard checking game.

In the six-game schedule, City Park won one, tied one, and lost four. This may have been due to the fact that the other three collegiates had a team of organized hockey players, while City Park had none.

The squad consisted of thirteen men this year. Bob McDonald, our stalwart goalie, turned in a brilliant performance every game. He saved many a sure goal against his team.

The defence positions were given to Bob Craig, Lyall Markley, and Field McFaull. each hard hitting and playing their positions well.

The team had three forward lines. A fast, hard checking line consisted of Hugh Simpson, Doug McMillan, and Jim Gardner. The goal getting line of Rollie Williams, Tom Hewitt, and Don McDonald, showed up well. The third line which had plenty of fight at all times consisted of Lorne Carroll, Stewart Sinclair, and Jim Crickett.

Many thanks should be given to Mr. Gryte, who unselfishly gave up his time to come out and coach the squad, and don't be surprised if you see the hockey trophy on City Park's library shelves next year.

ROLLIE WILLIAMS.

JUNIOR HOCKEY

The Junior Hockey Team didn't have much luck this year. It was'nt able to win a single game. However, in the final game after Nutana had won the series from Tech., the battling Juniors sneaked in from behind and pulled off a tie, aided by B. Little who turned cut for the last two games. But there is hope for a bright future for this team next season, as only three of its members are not in first year, and one of these will be able to play next winter.

The small line of J. Tomlinson, G. Saunders, and G. Evans was pointed out by Mr. Gryte, on numerous occasions, as example of budding puck-chasers. But the team's power rested in the hands of B. Eastwood, F. Szcmbathy and S. Hodgins. The second line of M. Caswell, H. Ketcheson, and J. Connell played steady hockey throughout the league. Backing the team were our three stalwart defensemen,—K. Downey, D. Garrison, and Z. Kozalonka. J. Strother guarded the nets in admirable style.

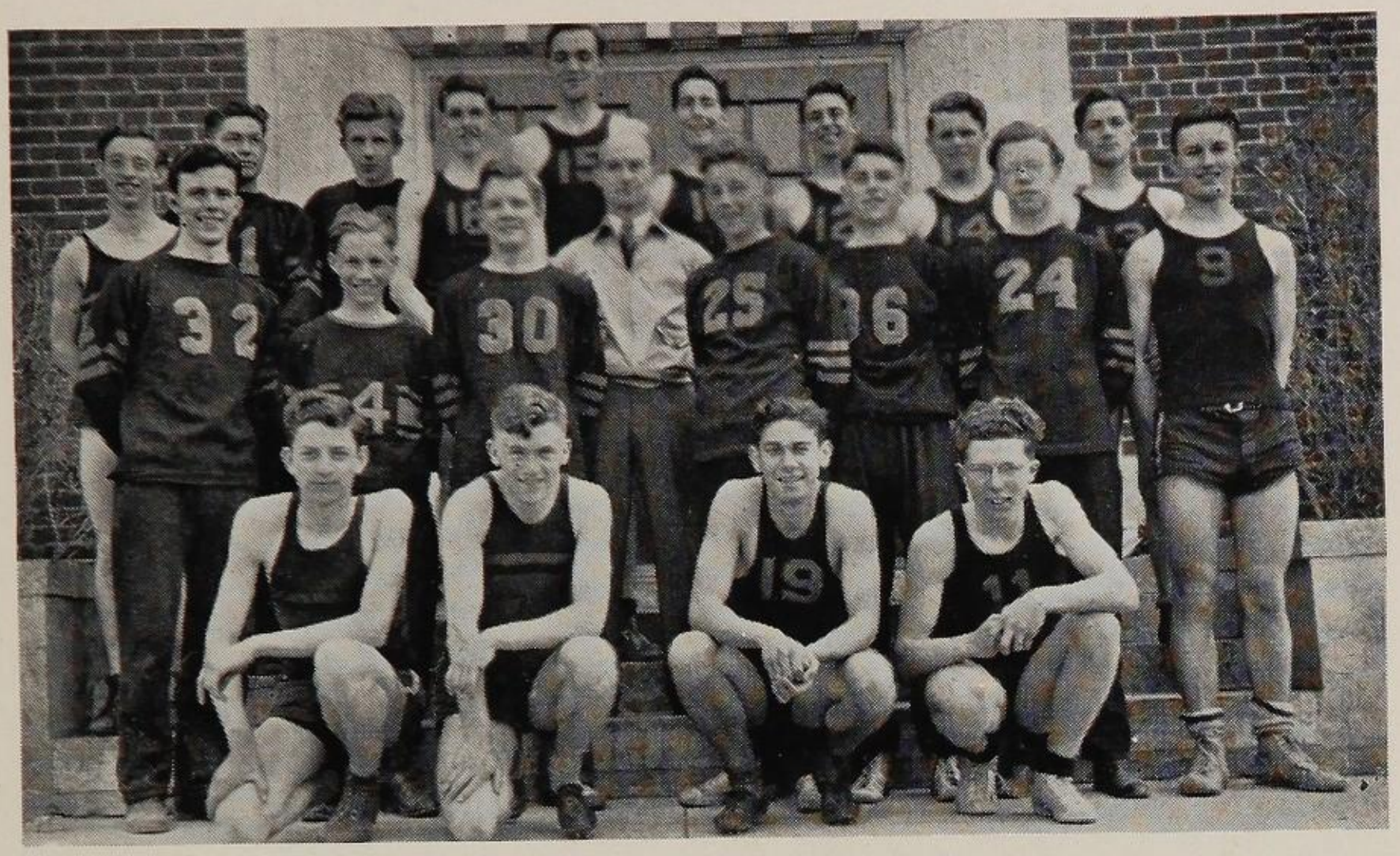
The thanks of the team goes out to our coach—Mr. Gryte—for his fine advice and good handling.

—H. K.

TRACK MEET

FIRST, SECOND, THIRD—*Senior Half-Mile, Intercollegiate Track Meet*
Lorne Carroll; Jim Gardner; Lyall Markley.

TRACK TEAM



BACK ROW: *Hugh Simpson; Lloyd Ellis; Tom Sharp; Jim Gardner; Don Johns; Lorne Carroll; Bob Strother; Bob Sasseville; Earl Elliott.*
MIDDLE ROW: *Rollie Williams; Ted Spencer; Bob Salter; Mr. Kalmakoff; Bob Abbey; Keith Downey; Bob Hildred; Lyall Markley.*
FRONT ROW: *Frank Hammond; Murray Caswell; Jim Hall; Roy Dunlop.*

Intercollegiate Track Meet

As this event came too late for a full description in the Park Bench, a brief report is all that can be managed. City Park gained an overwhelming victory in the senior division and was runner-up in the junior section. Lorne Carroll won the senior individual award and Rollie Williams was junior champ. The school has much promising junior material, so we may look for future track laurels.

BOYS' BASKETBALL (Continued from page 28)

At the end of the first quarter the score stood; Nutana 8, City Park 2. At half time; Nutana 13, City Park 7. When the third quarter had ended it was Nutana 17, City Park 15. The last quarter placed a great strain on the players, audience, and referees. At a signal from the timekeeper, all City Park flowed onto the floor, winners 26-25.

The season was thrill-packed, and all the fellows who made up that fighting bunch deserve our heartiest congratulations.

—R. NURSALL.

McDonald—"Why are you washing your spoon in your finger bowl?"
Bain—"So I won't get egg all over my pocket."

Mr. MacKinnon—"What is an organizer?"
Hazel Meyers—"He's the guy that makes the music in the church."

GIRLS' SOFTBALL TEAM

BACK ROW: *Margo Van Haerlem; Bernice Hunt; Mr. McKechney; Zenobia Boychuk; Solange Longton.*
FRONT ROW: *Jean Nettle; Shirley Norrie; Doris Woods; Ethel Freeborn; Betty Dye.*

SOCCER (Continued from page 27)

breakdowns for the next week, to say nothing of us. Finally Rawson scored the winning goal.

We wish to thank our Coach, Mr. Tufts who did such a swell job, and really kept the team rolling. Thanks also to Bob S. who developed us physically.

The team thanks the student body for the support we did get, **but**

We want more support from the student body in future; support your team.

JIM HARRINGTON.

GIRLS' BASKETBALL (Continued from page 26)

co-operation. Congratulations, Team, for bringing home the cup! Also congratulations Mr. McKechney for your tireless training of the girls and your words of wisdom to them. Thanks go to Ruth Bowen, scorer, and Carmen Zappa, timekeeper, for their good work in the past season. It has been a wonderful year all around for basketball and let's hope next year the team will carry on for us.

1942-43 Champs were—Sheila Cairns, captain; Bernice Porteous; Beatrice Eastwood; Dorothy Clement; Marybelle Lang; Mary Lee Cole; Joan Walker; Betty Bloom; Doris Woods; Joan Sparks; Effie Hoffman; Dorothy Horel; Elsie Sheperd; Betty Wilson.

—JOAN ROCHON

Judy Russell—(in agric. class) "Of course butter can be made from grass. All you need is a cow and a churn."

In Memoriam

Blow out, you bugles, over the rich Dead!
There's none of these so lonely and poor of old,
But, dying, has made us rarer gifts than gold.
These laid the world away, poured out the red
Sweet wine of youth; gave up the years to be
Of work and joy, and that unhoped serene,
That men call age; and those who would have been,
Their sons, they, gave, their immortality.

Blow, bugles, blow! They brought us for our dearth
Holiness, lacked so long, and Love, and Pain.
Honour has come back as a king, to earth,
And paid his subjects with a royal wage;
And Nobleness walks in our ways again;
And we have come into our heritage.

—Rupert Brooke

NAVY
Irvine Armstrong
Morley Carson
Bill Stevens

ARMY
Leslie Warr

AIRFORCE

Victor Arnold
Jack Boyse
Bob Bradshaw
Sidney Bradshaw
Walter Carlyle
Douglas Craig
Jay Gould
Jack Hobson
Bill Jones
Howard Kellough
Don Palmer
Andy Smith
Don Woodley
Keith Arnold
Bob Leavitt

To the Parents and relatives of these Graduates our deepest sympathy for their loss is extended.

—Dave Klaehn.

Roll of Honor

Navy

Acton, Gordon
Badger, Weyman
Baillie, Barnie
Banner, Boyne
Boothroyd, Roy
Bowen, Bill
Cameron, Bruce
Carroll, Bob
Carson, Doug.
Claire, Arthur
Clark, Don
Club, Jim
Cook, John
Cowan, Don
Dibble, Peter
Dill, R. M.
Dillabough, Ed.
Dougald, Allan
Dougal, William
Dowe, Dave
Dowe, Herb
Ebbels, Bill
Evans, James
Gloeckler, Bob
Harrell, Robert
Heath, Allen
Hewitt, Tom
Hilton, Frank
Hodler, Edward
Horel, Doug
Horel, Tom
Jones, Jack
Kellough, Albert
MacLeod, Jack
McBean, Stuart
McDermid, Ted
McDonald, T. W.
Markley, John
Mantle, Don
Maxwell, Frank
Mills, Dennis
Morgan, Steve
Myers, Edward
Noyes, Floyd
O'Brien, Arthur
O'Brien, Rodger
Pinder, Herb
Plue, Stan
Potter, Monroe
Rankin, Bruce
Rayner, Garnet
Ritchie, George
Robertson, Ian
Ruemper, Frank
Ruemper, Stanley
Sasseville, Keith
Saunders, Frank
Scobie, Lloyd
Setter, Jack
Solan, Bill
Smith, Bill
Smith, Dean
Smith, Ted
St. Marie, Albert
Summersgill, Reg.
Vanalstine, Robert
Walker, Don
Ward, Arthur
Wilkins, George
Winslow, Herbert

Army

Archibald, Doug.
Braithwaite, Jim
Brannan, Samuel
Buchanon, Jim
Cameron, Alex
Caswell, Norman
Dale, Mac
Derkson, Edwin
Derkson, Raymond
Dunn, Joe
Fletcher, Dudley
Fullerton, Ross
Gentle, Morgan
Hayes, Douglas
Hopkins, Harold
Horan, Earl
Hunter, Donald
Hurst, Lorne
Lund, Bob
MacDonald, Raymond
Macgillivary, Allan
Macgillivary, Alex
Macgillivary, Ronald
McKee, Jim
McMillan, Harold
Mayber, Jim
Melsom, Cyril
Miller, Jack
Myers, Bill
Nash, Trevor
Nelan, John
Panchuk, Gordon
Parkhouse, N.
Parkin, Jim
Potts, Bob
Prior, Ernest
Quigley, Tom
Quigley, Walter
Radcliffe, Carl
Rayner, Thomas
Scheidel, Nick
Stayner, Philip
Stride, Gerald
Summervill, John
Sutton, Arthur
Shelly, Ben
Swanson, Jim
Walker, D. E.
Walker, Jim
Woodley Philip
Wrigley, Ken
Wood, Earl

Joan Knox
Edith Potts

Air Force

Abs, Walter
Acton, Norman
Anderson, Wallace
Arn, E. H. R.
Arthur, Dennis
Arthur, Eric
Arthur, Johnny
Bell, Cliff
Bell, Norman
Berg, Virgil
Berg, George
Berry, Max
Boettger, Robert
Booth, Jack
Boyd Douglas
Boyd, Robert
Boyes, Harry
Bradley, Frank
Bryden, Gwynne
Baller, Garth
Balmer, Preston
Buchant, Reginald
Buckley, Ken
Cameron, Allan
Cameron, Bruce
Cameron, Gordon
Cameron, Morley
Campbell, Hudson
Cardey, Lloyd
Chatwin, Victor
Cherry, Dick
Cinnamon, Bruce
Craig, Allan
Clayton, Art
Cameron, Douglas
Cook, Gordon
Dart, Jack
Derkson, Nelson
Dowler, George
Dowler, Norman
Ebbels, Jack
Estey, Willard
Evans, James
Fogal, Robert
Finley, Robert
Fair, Jack
Flett, Don
Fletcher, John
Fletcher, Charles
Forrest, Duane
Gloeckler, Jack
Graves, Allan
Greenhalgh, Len
Griffith, Ed
Hardy Hugh
Hardy Ronald
Harper, Tom
Harrington, Clyde
Heath, Clarence
Heath, Stanley
Higgin, Edward
Hobson, Douglas
Hogg, George
Horan, Mae
Hughes, Harry
Jones, Bill
Jones, Cyril
Johnson, Stewart
Kellough, Cecil
Knight, Lowry
Lansdall, Fred
Laurence, H. .
Lockhart, Lloyd
Lockhart, Morley
Long, Art
MacDonald, Norman
MacDonald, Ramsay
MacDonald, Stanley
MacDonald, Vincent
McBean, Bill
McBean, Donald
McAfee, Robert
McConnachie, Norman
McMillan, Archie
Mathews, Jim
May, Jack
Montgomery, Frank
Moar, Roy
McCorkindale, Gordon
Macgillivary, Angus
Macgillivary, Jack
MacPherson, Doug
Miley, Jim
Mitchner, Jack
Murphy, Bill
Myers, Warren
Nagle, Burke
Newall, Robert
O'Brien, Gordon
Oliver, Kent
Oliver, Gordon
Ormson, Bert
Packham, Albert
Packham, Leonard
Parsons, Bruce
Patterson, Pat
Peacock, Ross
Petch, Stanley
Pettingale, Stanley
Powers, Duane
Proudfoot, Talbot
Perry, Joan
Quigley, Walter
Rawson, George
Rayner, Allan
Rayner, Willison
Real, Harold
Reeker, Donald
Richardson, Bob
Robertson, Doug
Robson, Hugh
Robson, Keith
Rose, Herbert
Rustimeyer, Colin
Scharf, Bernard
Scharf, Norman
Scot, Donald
Sewell, Jack
Simon, Hartley
Smith, George
Speck, Sybil
Stacey, Charles
Sterling, Stanley
Stevens, Grant
Stewart, George
Stride, George
Teitlebaum, Maschel
Thompson, Gerald
Thorburn, Ken
Todd, Jack
Truscott, John
Turner, John
Uren, George
Varley, Ken
Weicker, Stan
Wickenden, H. W.
Wiedrick, Gordon
Wilkins, Jim
Wilkinson, Charlie
Wilson, John
Witney, Bruce
Wood, George
Wright, William

PRISONERS OF WAR

Charlie Fawcett
Ronald McLean

"BUDDIES"

We'd been buddies since our school days,
Took our lickings side by side;
But when war came we were parted,
Then I heard my pal had died.

We had talked the whole thing over;
Just what we were going to do;
I told him I'd be wearing Khaki,
But he chose the Air Force Blue.

I joined up before his call came,
Tramped around through mud and snow;
Then he wrote that he was in it,
And his letters held a glow.

He was doing what he'd longed for,
Training for a pilot's seat;
And I felt that he would get it,
He could not accept defeat.

But he passed the test and more so,
Won his wings and bars of braid;
Then he wrote me he'd be seeing me,
That was all the plans we'd made.

Then one day I had a letter,
From a chap that we both knew;
And he told me that my buddie,
Had been called from out the blue.

He was only one of thousands,
Who had taken that last ride;
But that didn't seem to help me,
When I heard my friend had died.

We had planned the future often,
What our life would hold in store;
But as ever—plans were ruined,
This time by a world at war.

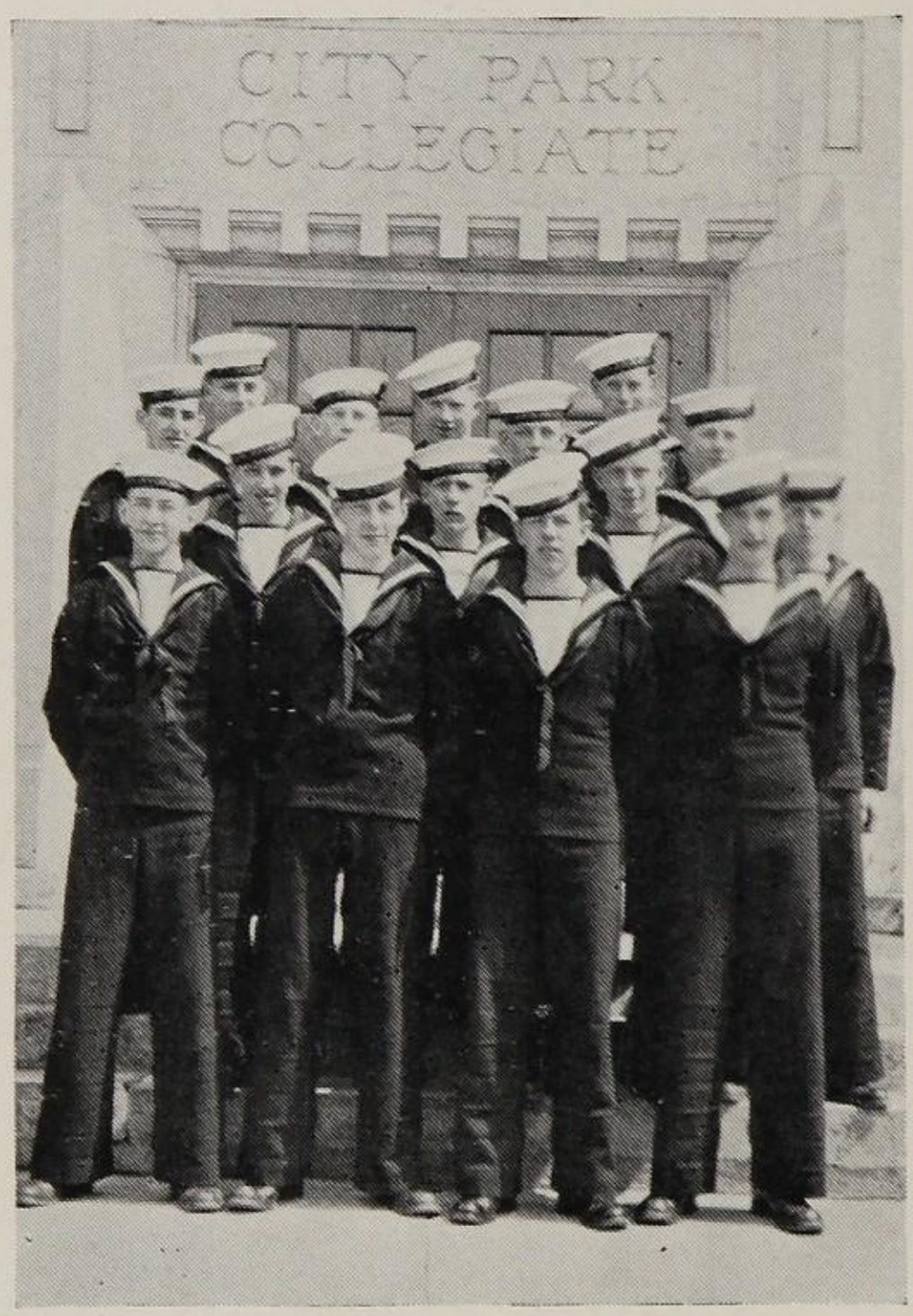
Now whene're I hear the droning,
Of a plane far overhead;
Bitter memories set me thinking,
Of fond hopes that now are dead.

Composed by L/Cpl. H. W. Parry, L53452 "C" Sqn., 8 Cdn. Recce Regt. (14H), Canadian Army Overseas., to his pal P.O. W. B. Carlyle.

TOP: *Cliff Beil; Gordon Acton; Charles Stacey; Munroe Potter.*
TOP CENTRE: *Maynard Strumm; Norman Dowler.*
CENTRE: *Hazel Strumm; Phyllis Lee; Bob Lund; Marj Strumm.*
BOTTOM CENTRE: *John Cook; Norman Acton; Gwynne Bryden; Bill Clubb.*
BOTTOM: *Joan Perry; Dudley Fletcher; Don Palmer (killed in action) Keith Sasseville; Keith Robson.*

CADETS

THE SEA CADETS



The Royal Canadian Sea Cadets Corps "Jervis Bay", in existance for one year, has a company of approximately three hundred and fifty Cadets, of which about thirty are from this Collegiate. About half of the Cadets are public school students, while the remainder are from Collegiates.

The Corps has been divided into five squads who now specialize in these subjects. They are: the rifle squad; about thirty Cadets who do rifle drill, so that they may be used in parades etc., the signal squad, who practise with flags and Morse lamps, cutter-crews, who will man the whalers, leading-hands, leading seamen who take lectures, etc., so that they may give them to us. It may be said that the leading-hands are quite proficient and receive all the attention from their class. The remainder of the Cadets not thus engaged, are given field training and marching.

The Corps has chosen Petty Officers, one to each division, and a Chief Petty Officer, who is over all Petty Officers and leading hands. Three Petty Officers were selected from this collegiate.

The discipline of the Corps it meted out by the Petty Officer. The severest punishment is to be discharged, or have your uniform taken from you, and being put in the beginners' squad.

The Navy League has constructed a large camp capable of holding two-hundred Cadets at one time.We have two whalers and a barge for the camp. All the Sea Cadets in Saskatchewan, have a chance of going to camp.

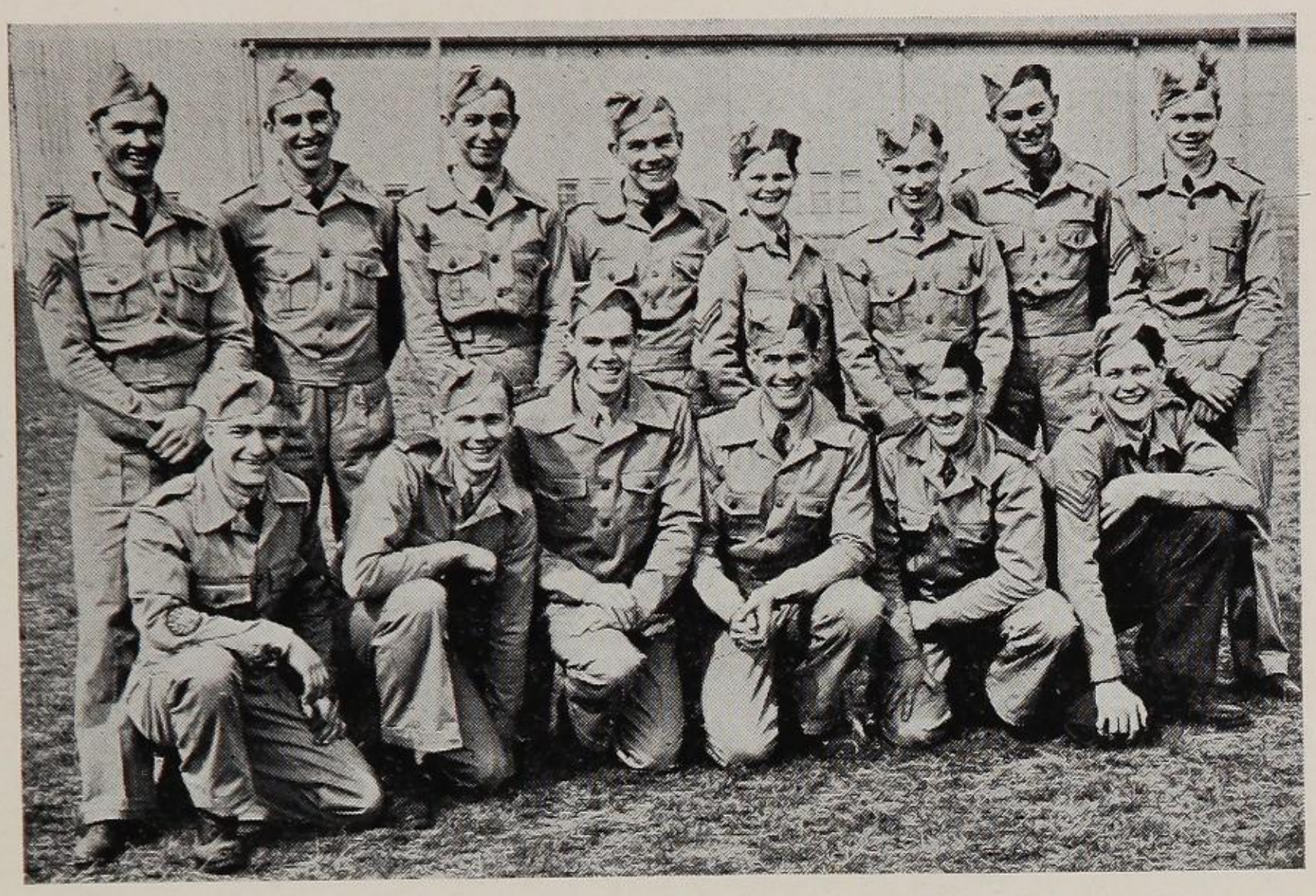
———————//———————

THE ROYAL CANADIAN ARMY CADETS

For two years the army cadets have struggled along with little aid and little equipment. This year it appeared that we would be working under similar conditions, but we determined to do a good job regardless of difficulties.

City Park, Nutana and Bedford Road united to form a company under Cadet Major Joe Potts. City Park was well represented both in Officers and N.C.O's. Cadet Captain Jack Shaver became second in command and Cadet Lieutenants Don Kirk and Earle Elliott were Platoon Commanders. Cadet Sergeant Major Art Potts acted as Company Sergeant Major. Also we had Segeant Malcolm Macdonald and Corporals Cliff Anton and Don Crichton.

The company was divided into four platoons and each followed a syllabus of training laid down by the Cadet officers and N.C.O's. This syllabus called for training



in squad and rifle drill, small arms training, map reading, signalling, Bren gun, fieldcraft, and lectures on organization and administration. Practically all the instruction was done by the Officers and N.C.O's of the Company. In addition a little work was done in ski training in spite of the adverse weather this winter.

All officers, N.C.O's and other ranks who were interested attended an N.C.O. school after parades to learn the art of instructing. Due to this course the Cadet Corps next year will have a fine nucleus of trained N.C.O's and Officers.

Brigadier G. H. H. Trudeau D.O.C., M.D. 12 was present at the annual inspection on May 12th. After taking the salute at the march past he watched the boys training. Then he gave a very fine informal talk to the Corps.

The boys were out that day to put on their best show, and both the Brigadier and the District Cadet Officer were highly pleased.

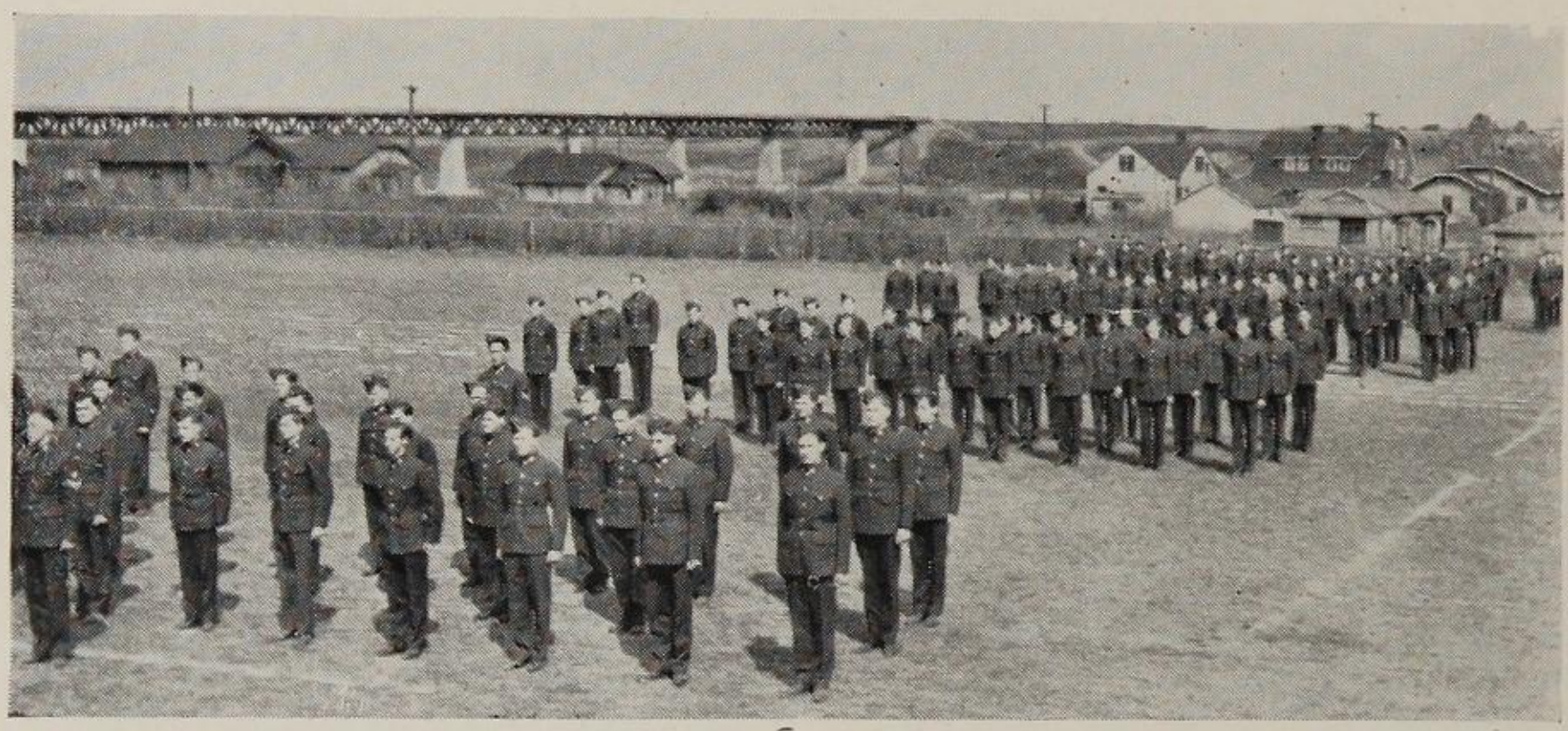
At the conclusion of the school year many of the Senior Cadets are going to the ranks of the active army, while others intend to apply for the Canadian Army Course at the University of Saskatchewan. Wherever they are stationed we wish them luck, and we feel sure that their cadet work will help them immensly on their road to success.

To the junior cadets we leave a record of a year's hard and profitable training. May their time as senior cadets be as enjoyable as the time we spent. Carry on, fellows.

—ARTHUR POTTS, Cadet C.S.M.

THE AIR CADETS

Air Cadet Squadron 113, City Park Collegiate, Saskatoon, is now on a firm basis. Through the efforts of F/L Andreen, our squadron has become completely equipped and uniformed. The Air Cadets are in a position to give a good account of themselves, as they did in the Victory Loan Parade and in their annual inspection.



Equipment consists of 50 rifles, respirators, aircraft recognition slides, tools for navigation, etc., and **The Service Aircrew,** the Air Force text book.

The squadron is now completely uniformed, each cadet with cap and collar badges, and shoulder flashes. The N.C.O's have been drill tested by members of the R.C.A.F. and worked hard to earn their stripes.

Various steps have been taken to secure discipline. Cadets have been confined to a single half day, A.C. officers have been supplied with uniforms, and the N.C.O.'s have the power to deal out punishment to the unco-operative.

A definite syllabus has been drawn up for camp this summer. Camps will last 10 days and cadets will have a chance to see the workings of an R.C.A.F. station. Air Cadets are becoming a practical part of school life.

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THE CADET BAND

Marching past above is the newly formed intra-collegiate cadet band under the able leadership of Mr. Kalmakoff. This fine musical organization has been chiefly of service this year in playing for army and air cadet inspections; next year we hope to hear them in concert.

DRAMATICS

BACK ROW: *Frank Hammond; Muriel Draycott; Miss Wilson; Pat Speck; Malcolm McDonald.*
FRONT ROW: *Nano Nagle; Neil Harris; Carmen Zappa; Sheila Gordon; Aird Hogarth; Beverley Hogarth.*

According to the ancient custom of City Park, the Houses gather together their Greer Garsons and Gary Coopers and go into the acting racket in a terrific frenzy. For a month and a half students obligingly cussed their directors and brought their lunch. The result—an evening of good entertainment.

Haultain started the ball rolling with "Wings of Darkness", directed by NANO NAGLE. RONNY SOMERVILL was commanded by the adjudicator Prof. F. H. Edmunds.

Slipping into a more mysterious play, CARMEN ZAPPA as Cairn's representative, presented "The Cloak of Evil." It was from this play our Gary Cooper came; FRANK SZOMBATHY. Congratulations, Frank.

Setting again to lighter material, Bate, with the capable help of BEVERLY HOGARTH, produced "Indian Summer." This play missed the Oscar by two points. Better luck next time. But not satisfied with coming second, BETH MILLER took the individual award followed closely by BEATRICE WRIGLEY, both in the same play. Congratulations again.

It was Martin who did take the Oscar with "The Spider's Web" directed by SHEILA GORDON.

To all the plays, Prof. Edmunds gave an excellent and constructive criticism. We would like to thank him for that, as well as the time he spent with "The Spider's Web" cast, coaching them for the Northern Junior Drama Festival. Here City Park came through again. Competing against seven others, they brought another cup to the Library shelves. Mrs. Pat Reid-Banks was the adjudicator there, and with

some very helpful suggestions from her, the cast moved to Regina for two hectic, tiring, but happy days. Here the play was not quite as successful, missing the mark by three or four points. But, so we wouldn't come home empty-handed, NEIL HARRIS went madder than ever and brought home the cup for the male actor. Congratulations, NEIL and may you work with more than match boxes next time.

With nothing more to say I'll make a dramatic exit—So long.

—SHEILA GORDON.

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Inter-Collegiate Night

Something new in the line of student entertainment came forth this year—Inter-Collegiate Night. The four schools got together and, by each contributing something, they turned out an evening's entertainment for each of the collegiates.

Of the many items contributed two were particularly outstanding. A group of Nutana boys presented a Hawaiin Dance. Their costumes, typical of those worn by the native women of Waikaikai, set the audience in fits of laughter. Technically the performance was not as well done as some others but every blunder sent the audience rolling further down the aisles. The climax came when, made for the weaker sex, one costume broke under male treatment.

Another better performance was put on by EARLE ELLIOTT'S orchestra. More than one City Park student has boasted of its home. With PETE KILLEY as Master of Ceremonies, HAZEL MEYERS as vocalist, and DAVE CLARK as drummer, the result could be nothing but the best. Truly we are proud of them.

Bedford's contribution was in the form of a play which brought out the ability of their talented students. The scene was the opening of a Nite Club. Hat check girls, cigarette girls and even the head waiter put on the floor show. The club, complete with orchestra and customers gave some excellent amusement.

Tech presented us with a show of song and dance, as well as a chorus number "Songs of United Nations." With everyone doing their bit the evening was very successful.

—SHEILA GORDON.

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Mr. Early—"When water becomes ice, what important change takes place?"
Sasseville—"Change in price, sir."

Bob Thorvaldson—"The nerve of that streetcar conductor! He glared at me as if I hadn't paid any fare."
Howard Baldwin—"What did you do then?"
Bob T.—"I glared back as if I had."

Angry parent—"While you were bidding my daughter good-night, did it ever dawn on you— — —."
Art Potts—"Certainly not sir! I never stayed as late as that."

The old man was sad. It used to be that he could walk around the block daily. Now when he was only half way around, he felt so tired, he had to turn and come back.

ORCHESTRA

STANDING: *John Robinson; Mr. Tufts; Ken Henderson; Muriel Palmer; Gwen Collier; Jack Sharp; Don McKercher; Neil Harris; Dave Klaehn.*
SITTING: *Bob Hordern; Don Bell; Eric Sigvaldason; Hugh Ketcheson.*

Our school orchestra added greatly to the enjoyment of several of our school functions. They play semi-classics, marches, waltzes and novelettes. Mr. Tufts has proven himself a great addition to the musical life of City Park.

This year they played before and during the intermissions at the Operetta and Drama Night, and also at the Trustee's Convention at Tech. They are featured in the Variety Show.

We hope that the orchestra will continue next year and also that it will perform more often. Come on, all of you who play instruments, join again and give us more next year.

The members this year have been: Piano—K. Henderson and G. Collier; Violin—L. Johnston, M. Palmer, D. McKercher, J. Robinson; Saxophone—D. Bell, Eric Sigvaldson; Clarinet—B. Hordern; Trumpet—N. Harris; J. Sharp; Drums—D. Klaehn.

WILLADEAN LESLIE.

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Mr. Yake—"If Shakespeare were alive today, he still would be considered a remarkable man."
Bruce Clarke—"I'll say he would. He'd be 376 years old."

Ron Summervill was intently reading a blank sheet of paper.
"Are you crazy," demanded Caswell. "There's nothing on that paper!"
"I know that. It's a letter from my girl friend and we're not speaking."

THE CHOIR

CHOIR

As the choir was very large at the first of this year, the back rows were naturally inclined to be restless (being girls had something to do with it, no doubt). But Mr. Bedford again coped successfully with the chatter. And with hard work we presented the operetta "The Dragon of Wu Foo." (see operetta).

As usual, the Choir Dance went off with a bang. The girls seemed to enjoy making the boys worry once in a while. At first it was decided to include only City Park boys but evidently due to a dirth of manpower here, we had to recruit outsiders at the last minute. The long dresses of many of the girls made a pretty picture on the dance floor. A Wurlitzer was obtained for music and the whole thing was very enjoyable.

Since the choir dance the choir has shrunk considerably. It is more manageable now as most of the interested and better singers kept on, but it could do with some more. We are working hard to hold onto our laurels in the coming Festival.

We have had a fine executive this year, consisting of the following: President—Jean Matheson; Vice-Pres.—Lois Rayner; Secretary—Mary Davidson; Fourth Year Representative—Jean Cameron; Third Year Representative—Shirley Ibberson; Second Year Representative—Dorothy Smith; First Year Representative—Roberta Cole.

WILLADEAN LESLIE.

OPERETTA

This year's operetta, "THE DRAGON OF WU FOO", was under the able direction of Mr. Bedford. It played to an appreciative capacity crowd for two nights. Backed by soldiers, sailors, keepers and colorfully arrayed citizens of the City of Wu Foo, the principals chased themselves gaily in a charming old-fashioned plot. The staunch **Chan (Hazel Meyers)** pursued his true love, **Kooie Yan (Shirley McConnell)** and finally won her, despite her domineering father, **(Willadean Leslie)** and despite any help received from **Poo Chow (Beverly Hogarth)** the meddling old aunt. Canadian sailors playing Dragon, a magic amulet, and a worried Keeper of the Dragon, blend into the plot somewhat complicating things. Delightful music and well meant puns rounded out this entertainment, producing a welcome change from the toil of the school day.

Henderson—"Did you hear about my brother stepping in front of a train last night?"
Bell—"No, what happened?"
Henderson—"Nothing. The train was standing still."

Johnny had a little book;
Its leaves were white as snow.
He wrote the answers into it,
So he'd be sure to know.
He carried it to class with him,
To help with the exam;
But the teacher stood beside him
And it wasn't worth a——thing.

SOCIAL

"Back to School." Boy, that was a thought when we started last fall, wasn't it? But when we thought of the social life it wasn't so bad.

It didn't take long for the S.R.C. to get "crackin'" either. After a week of hectic torture the Senior Masters let go their holds on the Freshie victims and showed the First Formers how to give out with the hot stuff. (It says here.) The Freshies however, found they weren't absolutely free from care because the annual function wouln't be complete without Freshie Court to punish all the bad 'uns (or should we say democrats). Title of Rebel Number One went to our most prominent and welcomed freshie, Mr. MacKinnon (spelled with an A. The McKinnons were horse thieves.) So ended the night, and initiation for the First Formers who went home to sweet dreams of revenge three years hence.

The juniors must have liked their first frolic because they rushed right back through mid-November weather for more (but pronto!) when the First and Second Year Dance was announced. The kids all came stag but it didn't take long for the gals and guys to get acquainted after the novelty dances came round. That old one-year veteran Murray "Cuddles" Caswell lead the kids a super time, and the new recorder worked itself into a sweat trying to keep sending out the "sweet and hot". While the "hep cats" took the "pause that refreshes", City Park's newly organized Swing Orchestra demonstrated what could be done with a lot of "hot air" and brass.

Thinking that young 'uns were getting ahead of them, the seniors took over a gaily decorated auditorium a few weeks later. Blue and white streamers hung from the windows and lights, and similarly decked baskets displayed proudly the newly won rugby and soccer cups when the third and fourth year "gang" gathered. The pulsing rhythm of the Juke Box stopped only while the couples ran a neck and neck race for Topsy— and doughnuts. Incidentally did you hear that certain young man say, "Now I've seen everything," when he saw rival (in jive) Cliff Anton trucking on by. (Did he mean it, or was it professional jealousy?)

The whole student body gathered for the last dance of the first term. All the "Brain Children" dragged themselves away from the printed page and let loose under Jack Shaver's not too careful guidance. Intermission came all too "vite" but it was appreciated when chocolate milk and delicious doughnuts were served. The kids listened to the sweet music of our second Glen Miller orchestra. Then we were dreamily waltzing or cannily jiving to the Juke Box, filled with the dapperest selection of top band records, until wearily, but very happily we gathered our coats to depart.

The first and second years again went into the lead, starting off the social events of the new term with their second party. Unluckily for the slaving conveners, the kids didn't turn out very well for the jive session, but those who did had a good time anyhow and "Wolf" Caswell dragged himself away from the femmes long enough to keep things moving.

The Alumni found a change in the arrangements for their big night. This year, due to the conspicuous absence of those strange four wheeled conveyances, the Big Bugs decided that there would be no glad rags worn at the dance, so the grads came strictly informal. Mrs. MacKinnon, Miss Wilson, and Miss Andreasen kindly lent their patronage to the gala affair. Dave Pugsley's orchestra was beating it out from the maroon and gold shell-like enclosure which matched the streamers on the windows and lights. Yes, the Alumni certainly had an enjoyable return visit to the "old school".

For their second dance of the year the third and fourth year boys took compassion on the girls, gave them a break, and made it a Sadie Hawkins' dance. The girls readily took advantage of their superiority and any of the slower ones found

very few males left after the first rush. The sky was the limit—even corsages (it might be mentioned that the most fashionable type was carrots) were much in evidence pinned becomingly to the gentlemen's coat lapels. The labors of the Decorating Committee were certainly not in vain, and the Wurlitzer, bribed on, gave out with the beat for the young Astaires. The Casanovas gave the ruling sex that old "come hither" look and were nobly rewarded. That old wit A. Potts played hard to get, and complementarily cracked, "Lead me to the slaughter, daughter", but was soon put in his place (but fast) by "Don't be funny, sonny."

The Choir Dance followed close on the heels of the Third and Fourth Year Dance. The boys had to take the coy and attractive part. Dress was optional, but most of the girls took advantage of the chance and put on their glamour gowns—and hey, fellows, did you ever realize before what a difference an upswept hairdo and a shimmering gown can make. The Wurlitzer, a little temperamental at first, finally found its bearings and really got in the groove.

The new attractions of the year were the popular Matinee Dances sponsored to raise funds for Red Cross and other worthy causes. They were probably the most informal dances of the whole year but the students expressed a favorable opinion of them in the Park Bench Poll.

This social year has been the most successful in City Park's history and the students would like to express their thanks to Mr. Knight, the S.R.C., and all the others who made the dances so enjoyable. Here's hoping the following year's are just as successful.

—BERNICE PORTEOUS.

THE LIBRARY

The City Park library, under the efficient supervision of Mr. Gryte, has completed a very satisfying year, in which a number of improvements were instituted for your convenience. Among these were new shelves for the books, a new system of pamphlet files—which, incidentally, deserve more attention from the students than they receive,—a new system of stamping books, and a great many new books.

Some of these new books deserve mention here: for mystery story lovers "The Moonstone" by Collins, and "Shanghai Passage" by Pease, deserve looking into; "The Falcon of Eric the Red" by Coblenz and "The Clutch of the Corsican" by Bill are good historical novels; Air Cadets should welcome the addition of "Your Wings" by Jordanoff, and "Arctic Pilot" by Gilbert; "With Lawrence in Arabia" is an exciting story, by Lowell Thomas, which proves the old adage that truth can be stranger than fiction. These are only a few of the good books added to the library this year.

One encouraging feature of the year was the increasing use of the library by first and second year students, due, no doubt, to the new library classes. This should lead to much greater library knowledge among the students.

The student librarian assistants have so generously given of their time, capably handled the administrative library routine, helped to make the library routine, and helped to make the library an integral part of the school. These students have this year constituted the Library Board:Bruce Clarke—chairman; Jean Rowles; Margaret Thompson; Janet Culham.

CLUBS

SPEAKERS' CLUB

The regular Thursday night meetings of the Speakers' Club were hampered a great deal this year. Nevertheless the meetings that were held were certainly successful.

The first meeting of the season dealt with elections. Neil Harris was re-elected president, with Mary Davidson as vice-president, and Doug Woodley as secretary. Unfortunately Doug found he was unable to continue his duties in this position. Jean Nettle was elected secretary in his place.

The other meetings consisted of both prepared and impromptu speeches followed by helpful talks by Mr. Knight, giving us pointers on public speaking.

This year because of a lack of time we had only one entry in the Bryant Oratory Contest—Willa Kernen—who spoke on "The Western Wheat Problem."

Our first year contest revealed that there was, indeed, a lot of talent amongst our younger students.

Bill Slaid won the honors with his speech on the Red Cross. Other contestants no less good were Eric Brown, Jackie Johnson, Ken Turner, Peggy Browning, and Ruth Russell. The rest of the evening was given up to a quiz contest for the first year students only, and for which George Bradley so kindly gave his time.

I feel sure this worthy club will continue its successes in future years.

—JEAN NETTLE

WRITERS' CLUB

In spite of the handicap of a very late start—it was not organized until January—the City Park Writer's Club has had one of its most successful seasons in several years. A great deal of the credit for this goes to Mr. MacKinnon for stepping in to take the place originally held by Mr. Wickenden. Under his supervision an interesting time, and a lot of fun was had by all.

The star author of the club was Neil H. with a partiality for dark tragedies. Even when Ralph N. branched off into epic poetry the members did not complain too energetically, which speaks well for their patience. Several good stories were contributed by Sheila G. and Dave K., Colleen C., Grace S., Sheilla C., Doug. W., and Gordon T. Other good members were Carmen Z. and Shirley N.

Doug W., besides contributing stories, also acted as president, and kept the meeting from degenerating into brawls. Sheila G. held down the post of secretary performing very well except for an unfortunate tendency to call the minutes minutes, when the club had unanimously decided to call them half-hours, for variety.

Altogether we had a very good year, but were disappointed in the fact that the members were all third and fourth years. It is hoped that next year more first and second year students will turn out for the meetings.

—BRUCE CLARKE.

Tom McGregor—"You sold me a car two weeks ago."
Salesman—"Yessir."
McGregor—"Tell me again all you said about it then. I'm getting discouraged."

FILM CLUB

With Mr. MacKinnon acting as incentive City Park organized, for the first time in its history, a Film Club. The purpose of this club was, as the name suggests, to show films for recreation as well as educational purposes. At the first meeting Donald Kirk was elected president, Jean Cameron vice-president, and Ian Thomson secretary. An assisting committee composed of Tom McGregor, Art Potts, and Bill Hellofs was also elected to look out for the opinions of the majority. It was decided to meet every second Thursday at seven forty-five P.M.

Although not many meetings were held, a great deal was accomplished in the short time the club operated. As films were shown, instructive talks dealing with their background and explaining the nature of the film were given. Katherine Nagle spoke on the film "Dentistry As A Career", Bob Thorvaldson gave a reading on Walt Disney's film "Donald's Decision", and Beverley Hogarth presented a summary on "Food, Weapon of Conquest." Among the other films shown and enjoyed as evidenced by voting was, "This is Blitz", "Inside Fighting China."

Since the club was received with such gratifying interest and worked so successfully, we have high hopes for the future. With Mr. MacKinnon as guiding light our course ought to be straight.

—CARMEN ZAPPA.

THE PARK BENCH POLL

The Park Bench Poll received a hearty welcome, in spite of a week of corny advertising. Remember it? Mr. Yake and Mr. Evans had nightly arguments as to the object of it all. They came forth with some amazing ideas.

While the questiones may have seemed frivolous, we did find out some pertinent facts about student opinion. For example; by a very close margin, Winston Churchill was placed above Franklin D. Roosevelt as the world's outstanding personality.

Other interesting facts were: brunettes are preferred before blondes and redheads; the slow beat has more addicts than has jitterbugging (as one put it, "I prefer to drool"); most students are the silent type. Many and varied were the extra curricular activities reported. There were a number of interesting comments re Matinee and Sadie Hawkins' dances. A point to remember—City Park dances are too cliquey, and that is something we don't want!

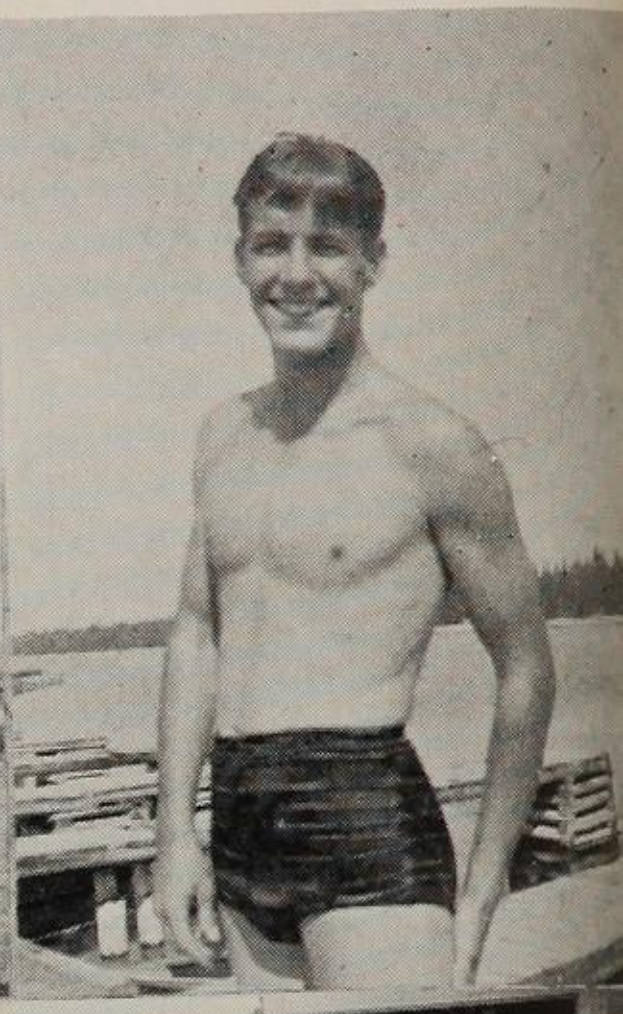
Boys to watch for, are Joe Potts, the Strother brothers and Bing Crosby. And keep an eye open for Jocelyn Haffner and Sheila Cairns. (Eye wonder why?)

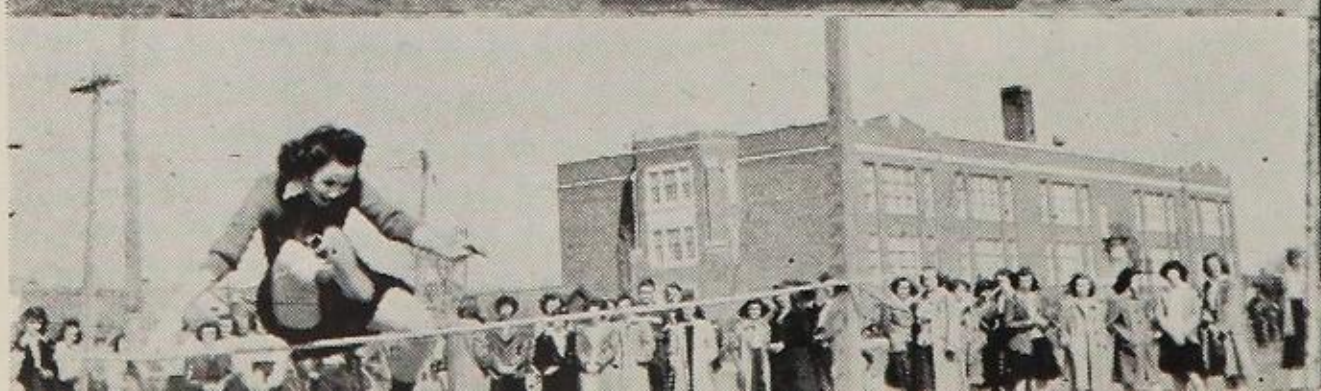
Thanks for your suggestions, mates. Next year we hope the Poll will flourish just as vigorously and by all means for a longer period.

—Ye harassed quorum.

After terrific struggles, Lloyd Ellis finished his History paper, looked it sadly over, and then, at the end, wrote:

"Dear Mr. McKechney: If you sell any of my answers to the funny papers, I expect you to split fifty-fifty with me."





FEATURES

TOO YOUNG TO GO

She tried to keep the tears from falling as she helped Bob with the ribbon on his cap. H.M.C.S. Those letters H.M.C.S. kept ringing, like ships bells, in her mind,—H.M.C.S.—H.M.C.S.—

He was so young to go. She took the opportunity, when he turned to the mirror, to brush the telltale tears away. He passed his hand through the mop of sunshine he had for hair and then covered it with the stiff cap.

He looked at his watch as if he were the admiral timing an attack. "It's getting late, Mum. I can't be late in the Navy, you know." His father had given him his watch on his last leave. He had been an army man.—But his son—his son—stuck to the navy. Thank goodness he hadn't let Bob go the year before and lie about his age. He had been firm about that.

"No son," he had said, "You're too young to go. If they wanted them at your age they'd ask for them but you—you're still a baby." He had smiled at this last statement to avoid the inevitable reproach.—But now—nothing could stop him and nothing had tried.

Bob kept looking at himself, not wishing to leave her. She could read the slightly frightened look in his eyes. Maybe she had spoiled him? His desire not to leave gave her some happiness when, calling good-bye, he ran down the path and disappeared behind the lilacs.

She went back to her house work remembering how he had pulled down his jumper; how he had twisted around to straighten his collar; how he had been so particular about the cap ribbon being straight.

And now, her son, her only son had gone. But surely, surely he would come back. And he wouldn't be too long. Thus encouraged she continued her work. Yes, he would be back—soon, running from the lilacs that had taken him, greatly excited, his sailor suit terribly soiled, telling her of his first day at school.

—SHEILA GORDON.

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EATING

I have always liked eating. As long as I can remember, even when I was still crawling, I had a great love for my food. In those days it was milk puddings for meals and coal and earth between times, for roughage I suppose. I even managed to get a nickel down one day. Have I changed any? Not a great deal, I'm sure. My regular meals have changed the most, but chiefly in size, for I still like milk puddings. Now I gorge myself, using potatoes for bulk, until I feel a little too comfortable. However, my in-between meals haven't changed. Instead of coal and earth I now chew upon pens, pencils, finger-nails, pipe stems, cigarettes and the odd stogie. Is there any difference? No! I don't think so—I still love eating. Don't we all?

—DAVE DOW.

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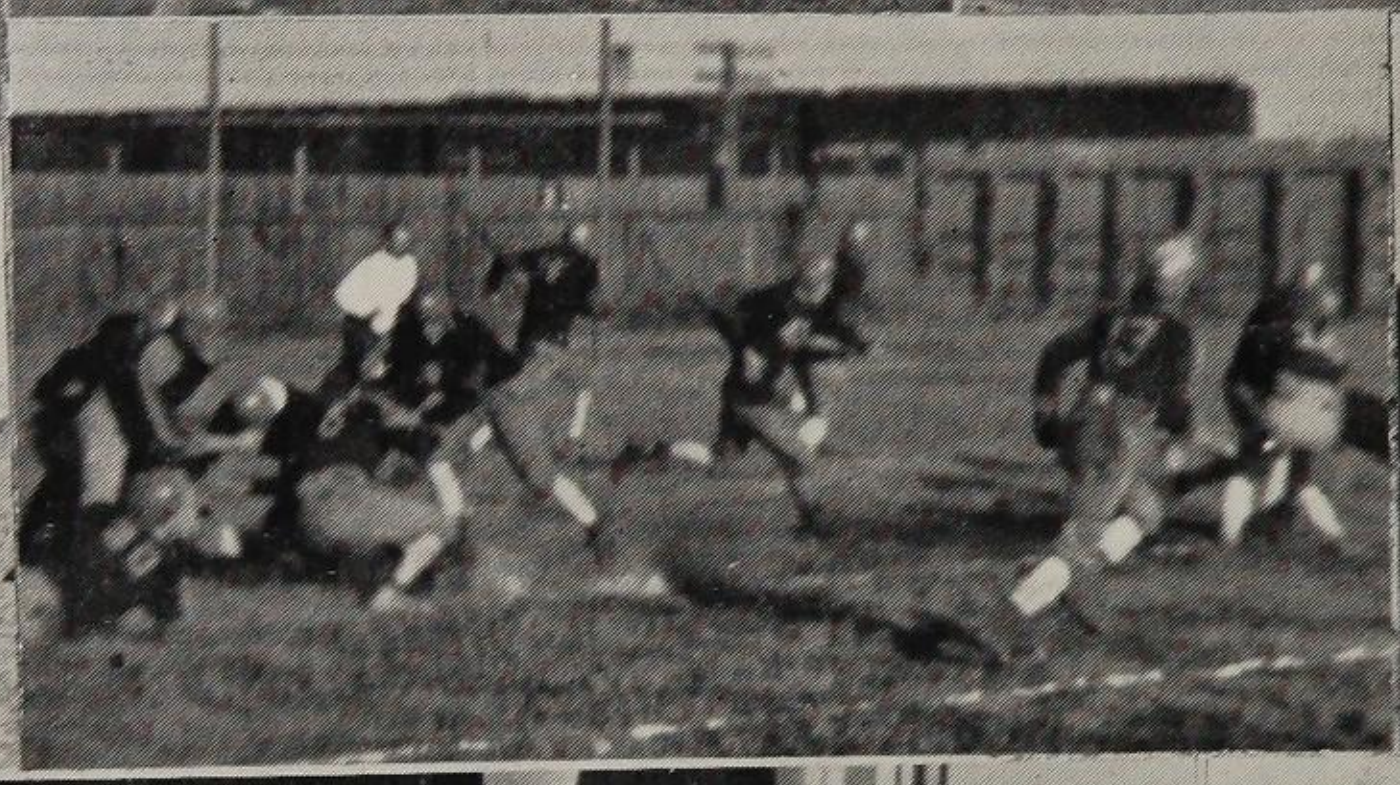
TOP ROW: (*Left to right*) *1. School spirit. 2. Who me? 3. He means business. 4. He's all wet.*
SECOND ROW: *1. Congratulations, Jocelyn. 2. French no doubt?? 3. Nice stuff. 4. I worry about things like that.*
BOTTOM LEFT: *1. Algebra or Good House Keeping?? 2. That's a dirty trick, hand it over. 3. She's a jumper too.*
BOTTOM RIGHT: *1. The scavengers. 2. Champs.*



IMPRESSIONS OF CANADA

I read a Wild West story before I came here, but I hardly believed it to be typical of modern Canada, as some have suggested I did. I knew Canada as a pretty and amazingly big country marked in red on the world map, and I knew about Wolfe's successful attack.

Canada being so large, I don't think anyone could claim to know and like it all. But what I have seen I have liked. In spite of all the propaganda I have heard about the beauty of the prairie, I have first got used to it and then to like it. But to appreciate anything, one has to give it up.

After I learned the local dialect, I found that the schools were coeducational and had mistresses. Not having been to such a school since I was knee-high to a termite, I was slightly dumbfounded. However, everyone else didn't seem to mind, and after wandering round the school in a daze for some time, I started to work. That was a bad habit I had acquired at a small private school in England, where I was ruled with a rod of cast iron. But I soon got wise and relaxed, at least till the first dance. I thought I would relax there too, till I saw the war-dance that is jitter-bugging. The Indians had something there. Of course I immediately noted the refining feminine influence, (Sexton Blake has nothing on me).

Baseball, the only Canadian sport really new to me, will provide me with a good excuse for being poor at cricket (the bat is held differently) and vice versa.

Of course, City Park is the best collegiate—that goes without saying. The teachers are much more resigned to their fate than in the Old Country, and the clock-watchers (students are only allowed in on leashes) a lot less. I like the idea of student government, as opposed to the monitor system. One thing I really like is the variety of outside activities. Drug stores seem to be part of the life in these parts, and I will always remember my first coca-cola. I was treated to it on the train by a couple of airmen, and though I like it now, I couldn't drink it then.

Canada has meant to me a new and more varied life in a country safe from the horrors of war which I was lucky enough to miss, but can understand in part.

—JOHN CONNELL.

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F. Szombathy—"I got a way of looking into a dame's eyes that makes her forget what I look like."

Mr. McKechney—"What makes you think Caesar was killed by a woman?"
B. Bloom—"Well, when he was stabbed he cried, "You Brutess!"

J. Potts—(applying for a job) "Have you an opening for a bright, energetic collegiate student?"
Manager—"Yes, and don't forget to close it when you go out!"

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TOP ROW: *1. Who says he's tired? 2. Not so fast. 3. Discouraging, isn't it?*
SECOND ROW: *1. Momma, buy me one of them. 2. End run. 3. Heading for the stars???*
THIRD ROW: *1. Our Chinese population. 2. Eyes up, Doug.*
BOTTOM LEFT: *1. Stranger did they go this way. 2. Shaver lays an egg.*
BOTTOM RIGHT: *1. They did a fine job.*

LA MARSEILLAISE

It was just at the moment of dawn. The bright red rays of the rising sun peeked out over the hills to the east, and then bathed the great Compiegne forest in flaming red. The white buildings of the little village of Monthois, in northern France, stood out sharply against the dark green of the surrounding countyside. The scene was altogether one of surpassing beauty, and no one had ever been more aware of it than the silent watcher on a small rise just west of the village, who viewed it from behind the barred window of a stone building, and saw it spread out beyond the wearily pacing sentries and the double row of barbed wire.

When viewed closer, this man, whose name was Jacques Loudeac, was seen to be of about thirty years of age, bearded and raggedly clothed. As he watched he was thinking back to other times when he had viewed the scene under pleasanter circumstances. There was the time, when, as a boy, with his friend Adrienne, he had gone out before dawn to catch fish in the little stream at the foot of the knoll, and had stood and watched the sun rise from this very spot. There had been no concentration camp here at that time. Jacques thought of the days he had spent playing in that same Compiegne Forest with his sister Marie, and the picnics with his father and mother. Then his mind went to the time when he was arrested. He had been walking on the Main Street of the little village when the grey-uniformed men had appeared. They had spent half an hour picking out twenty of the most able bodied, and Jacques had been one of them. That was six months ago.

It had not been pleasant in the camp: bad food twice a day, and the clothes he now wore were the ones which he had had on when the soldiers had arrested him; but at least it had been bearable. Then out of a blue sky had come that formal statement from the stern-faced Over-lieutenant, informing him that a German soldier had been murdered in a town across the hills and that he had been chosen to be one of the hostages to be shot in reprisal. That had been yesterday, and now he was waiting for the soldiers to come.

There was the tread of marching feet, a sharp command, and a rattling at the door. Jacques thought, "Will I keep my nerve? Can I hold myself in? Will I be like that other one last week whom they had to drag away?"

The door opened, and Jacques stepped out, to be placed in the middle of the squad of soldiers. As in a dream, he allowed himself to be marched across the yard and out of the gate on to the dirt road. At that instant fear struck him, and his knees felt weak. "Can I stand this much longer," he thought desperately. "Will I show these soldiers that I am a coward?"

At that instant the song started. The country people had heard about the execution and were hiding in the woods beside the road to watch the procession pass, and they were singing "La Marseillaise":—

"Allons, enfants de la patrie,
Le jour de gloire est arrive'"

"Onward children of your Country,
The day of glory has arrived."

Jacques head snapped up. If his people had not forgotten him, then he should not disgrace them.

"Contre nous de la tyrannie
L' e'tendard sanglant est leve'!"

"Against you stands tyranny,
The blood stained banner has been raised!"

The song continued. The soldiers were marching in step with it now. They turned off the trail and halted beside a small cliff. Jacques was placed in front of the cliff, and the soldiers lined up before him.

"Why don't they hurry?" To Jacques they seemed to be deliberately torturing him. The rifles were raised. "Now its coming, I've got to hold on now." And through all this the song continued:

"Ils viennent jusque dans nos bras,
Egorger nos fils, nos compagnes."

"They are coming into our arms,
To slaughter our sons, our friends."

A silence.

"Fire!"

The hills echoed back the sound of the valley. The figure before the cliff stiffened for an instant and then slumped to the ground.

But suddenly the song returned, at once triumphant and a little sad. Triumphant over the coming victory of France, and sad because of the death of one of her sons.

"Aux armes, citoyens, formez vos bataillons!
Marchons, Marchons,
Qu'un sang impur abreuve nos sillons!"

"To arms, citizens! prepare your battalions!
March on, March on!
Let their vile blood flow through our fields!"

"Marchons, Marchons!
Qu'un sang impur abreuve nos sillons!"

—BRUCE CLARKE.

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BOOKS

The world doth lie, shining, beneath the gaze
Of him who views it from the page of books.
Before him lie, seen through a silver haze,
Treasures of such brilliance, that human looks
Would never see by ordinary ways.
A glowing wonderland unfolds around,
From stories, and from poetry, and lays
Of ancient days, and also modern sound.

You live a thousand lives, both old and new.
You laugh with Shakespeare, Steele, and Wodehouse, too;
And cry with Dickens, Poe, and Burns; and you
Do thrill with Shelley, Keats, and others who
Felt strong within them freedom's flame. All these
Do guide you o'er this life's tumultuous seas.

—BRUCE CLARKE.

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"I suppose your landlord asks a lot for the rent of this place."
"A lot? He asks me for it nearly every week."

Mr. Anderson (at lost and found table) "Does this book belong to you? The name is obliterated."
Student—"No sir, my name is O'Brien."

FINALE

I suppose there are not many, if any, who remember Joseph Stevens. He died about ten years ago. For a short time after his death the papers played it up, and there was a great deal of interest, but then people found other things to talk about and Joseph Stevens was soon forgotten. I have thought a great deal about his death. It was an event that contained, to me, the mystery of a tale from Poe, and the more I think of it the more it fascinated me. I find that I can no longer keep from putting down the story of Joseph Stevens' death.

The first time that I saw Joseph was at a festival in Boston. You see, he was a violinist. I remember at the time remarking to myself when I heard him play that here was a genius. Uncultivated, true, but a genius, I felt, who would some day force his music into the staid hearts of music critics everywhere.

I went up to him and introduced myself, for I was deeply interested in this man who could thrill a hardened newspaperman like myself.

We talked for a while. He talked little and with restraint. We spoke of his music and of his life. I learned that afternoon that he worked as a clerk in Stamens Grocery, a small store in Boston. He told me that it wasn't much but it gave him his nights free to practise his violin. I learned that above everything he had a tremendous love for music and particularly for the violin.

When I returned to New York I unfortunately lost touch with Joseph Stevens. Then one day I noticed in the Times an announcement that Jose' Iturbi was presenting his protege' Joseph Stevens at Carnegie Hall on the 26th of July. Joseph Stevens was to play his own Concerto for Violin. I immediately reserved a box, for I took a kind of pride in Iturbi's and my mutual opinion of Joseph.

That night I shall never forget. Iturbi and Joseph appeared together. I was very shocked, but my amazement soon turned to sympathy. For walking out on the stage was Joseph attired in an ill fitting business suit. This caused a murmur throughout the audience and I heard a few laughs. I could see that he was ill, for he was pale and his face was drawn. He tripped slightly, and doing so he dropped his bow. This caused a general laugh to break out and I could see things were going to go bad for him.

Iturbi raised his baton and the orchestra started the concerto. I was very disappointed. For stemming forth from Stevens' violin came not the beautiful music I had expected, but rather frightened music that was unemotional and uninteresting. As the concerto progressed the audience became restless. There was a general stirring. Stevens looked very ill.

Then as he began the final movement a change came over him. I don't know whether the audience noted it or not in him, but they noticed it in his music. I have never in my life heard music so fine and beautiful. It was truly inspiring. Words can not describe the effect it had on everyone.

The music grew and reached its climax. Just as the last notes of Joseph's violin died out, his bow dropped from his hand and he slumped to the floor.

I felt a personal interest in Joseph Stevens so I hurried down to the stage. A doctor was summoned. This is the strange part. After examining Joseph Stevens he announced that Joseph Stevens was dead and had been dead for at least fifteen or twenty minutes.

This announcement caused quite a stir among us, for we had just seen him finish superbly a violin concerto. As I said his death caused quite a stir for awhile and then because there seemed no explanation other than that the doctor was mistaken, people stopped thinking about it.

But I have thought about it often ever since. The only explanation I can arrive at is almost too unbelievable to be practical. I believe that for the last movement of Stevens' Concerto we were listening to a dead man play. Yes, a dead man. A

man whose soul had left him and joined his music. That is why there was such a brilliant change in the last movement. He had lost his life but his music had gained it.

I heard Joseph Stevens' Concerto once since. I'm sorry to say I did not enjoy it, for I shall never forget that evening ten years ago when the most beautiful music I have heard, came from the bow of a dead man.

—NEIL HARRIS.

EXCHANGES

It was with great enjoyment that we read over the year books of other schools—noting each peculiarity, each improvement—appreciating the effort that had been put into them, and above all, conscious of the school spirit that had made such excellent publications possible.

We wish to congratulate the following schools for their good work, and we hope the next year will be as successful.

Our thanks go to the following . . . . . .

THE CYNOSURE—Prince Albert Collegiate, Prince Albert—Good, original class notes; outstanding literary section—especially "Cabin Boy". Lack of photographs; caters too much to the seniors.

R.S.D. ROYAL DUNGANNON SCHOOL—Belfast, Northern Ireland—Very different from the Canadian type of magazine. No individual class notes, only general school notes. Mainly a literary magazine with short write-ups of all school sports. Lack of pictures of any sort tends to make book uninteresting.

HERMES—Nutana Collegiate, Saskatoon—Very striking cover; takes in all phases of school life, but what happened to your literary section? Bigger candid camera section would be better.

KELVIN YEAR BOOK—Kelvin High School, Winnipeg, Manitoba—A complete, all round book. Outstanding section "From Our Boys In Uniform". Complete literary section containing articles from their short story contest, photography competition, poetry competition essay contest and cartoon contest.
Odd detail—girls wear uniforms.

CENTRAL OUTLOOK—Central Collegiate—Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan—Novel sketches, introducing sections, add to it greatly. Book lacks "oomph"—better printing and arrangement of sections would help.

SCOTT ECHOES—Scott Collegiate—Regina, Saskatchewan—A good, newsy magazine; lacks a candid camera section; Something new . . . . write-ups on teachers, e.g. Mr. Steer.—Wine, women and song—well, a lot of song anyway.

NEW ERA—Brandon Collegiate—Brandon, Manitoba—Work of assembling, typing, illustrating, done completely by students . . . . that's what I call a school magazine. Congratulations. Good literary section, especially your play.

YE FLAME—Central Collegiate—Regina—Excellent candid camera section—best yet; too much space for class pictures and notes.

LANTERN—Bedford Road Collegiate—Saskatoon—A well-edited account of student activities; neat arrangement of sections. Good photography with especially good candid camera shots.

YEAR NOTES

4A CATEGORY

BETH MILLER (B): Was I surprised.
BILL LAMB (C): His definition of a wolf—a four legged animal.
RUTH YOUNG (H): West and Eastman were very broad minded.
NANO NAGLE (H): Our. Pres.—Bring a nickle to-morrow, see!
GORDON MACKAY (B): Thinks that I. Q. is something you play pool with.
NORMA ROBINSON (H): What kind of a tree is trigonometry.
RUTH HILL (M): Je pense toujours (it says here).
ALICE KENNEDY (B): Thinks that a polygon is a dead parrot.
JOYCE CANTELO (H): Mr. Evans is a great inspiration.
BOB MACDONALD (B): "He's corney"—Bob's impression is that he has sore feet.
BILL HUGHES (M): A little doubtful on the meaning of mushrooms.
CARMEN ZAPPA (C): I hate biting my finger nails.
LESTER SMITH (B): Our sparkling-eyed clarinet player.
WILLA KERNEN (H): When Willa goes out to enjoy the moon, she takes a telescope.
FIELD MCFALL (B): "Mother told me there would be moments like these", said Field as he stepped into the Physics lab.
DOUG SMITH (B): "Is that you Doug, or is it still Hallowe'en?"
BOB THORVALDSON (H): "Will Donald Johns ever grow up?"
BILL CRAWLEY (H): King of 4A's give section.
JOAN ROCHON (H): "Miller, what room do we meet in?"
JOHN ROBINSON (C): Has three pet peeves:—dog licenses, violins and hair cuts.
MARY LEE COLE (B): A bit of all right.
DON KIRK (B): "How do you like the bar, Don?"
HAROLD (Porter) ESTEY (M): Carries the bags in his pants also the bags under his eyes.
MARY KINGSLEY (B): Take it easy on the late nights.
MURIEL HEATH (M): Sutherland's power house.
JOYCE WEBSTER (C): Sutherland sunshine.

—DOUG McMILLAN (4B).

4B FOLLIES OF '43

FRANK HAMMOND (M) Our future wolf (with wavey hair).
BOB MYERS (H) He's from Sutherland (that's enough brother).
MARG PEELING (C) The girl behind the man behind the gun.
JIM HARRINGTON (H) What's Jim got that Einstein hasn't?
KATHERINE NAGLE (B) Her face is her fortune . . . . she's always broke.
BETTY FRASER "Romeo, wherefore art thou Romeo?"
CECIL PADGET (M) "Hey, Simp, how do you like my new tie?"
HUGH SIMPSON (C) "Fine! but why wear it all at once!"
DELLA WRIGHT (B) I got'a get my educa'ion.
JOCELYN HAFFNER (H) She's the farmer in the "Del".
JOE POTTS (B) Social Reformer, always wears a tie, even without a shirt.
LORNE CARROLL (B) The boy whose future in chemistry looks like an unbalanced equation.

MARIE MEYERS (B) She's playing the field now.
DOROTHY CLEMENT (C) Is there a secret flame in her heart?
IAN McCALLUM (M) The farm girl's dream.
GEORGINA UNDERWOOD (M) All's fair in love and war, (as long as he's cute).
BEVERLY HOGARTH (B) She tries to keep the class awake.
RALPH NURSALL (B) Thinks boys and girls should run races together. (neck and neck).
SYBIL THORNE Here today, home tomorrow.
SHEILA CAIRNS (M) Why CITY PARK has a good reputation.
ETHEL HOLDEN (C) I think I'll do some homework one of these nights.
GORDON TOOLE (H) He's got a lot on his mind, (he needs a haircut).
PHYLLIS GRAY (C) Watches the clock like a vulture.
NICK WOYTOWITCH (B) He wishes he was back home. (A blonde I'll bet).
JEAN MacNEIL (C) "I had the craziest dream last night."
EVELYN ROBINSON (C) "Why? Was there a man in it?"
IRENE CHAPPLE (M) First to school. (She must like it.)
CLARA DOBSON (C) Why city boys go out harvesting.
LILAS MacFARLANE (M) She ought to be in pictures.
JOHN CONNELL (H) The reason why MR. GRYTE loves to teach Latin.
OLGA BOYCHUCK (B) Seldom heard but always looked at.
NEIL HARRIS (M) He's Harry James' ideal, and ours too. (He's the class president.)
FREDA KINGSLEY (B) Only heard when nobody else can answer the questions.
SHIRLEY NORRIE (C) The S.R.C.'s "Minute Man."
JIM CRICKETT (B) He's got plenty of corn for his Victory Garden.
LAUREEN JOHNSON (C) Why talk?
KATIE BRKICH (C) Worries about mere 90's.
JACK LAIDLAW (M) Why the editor tears his hair.
MR. EVANS R-r-r-ever-r-rbur-r-rator-ry Fur-rnace. (He loves it.)

JACK LAIDLAW (M)

4C CLASSROOM PERSONALITIES

FRED LANGLEY (M) Chief complaint is size of lockers. Claims he was injured when his running shoes fell out and struck him on the head.
LYALL MARKLEY (H) House Leader of Haultain. Into everything.
JEAN MATHESON (B) Trigonometry Student par excellence.
ERIC SIGVALDASON (H) Senior Watch. 'Nuff said.'
PAT PURVIS (C) Typical of the fighting Irish.
AILEEN FOURN (H) A valuable member of the decorating committee.
ANITA SULLIVAN (M) Veronica Lake's double.
SHEILA GORDON (M) The school "DeMille".
CLIFF ANTON (C) A budding financier.
BERNICE PORTEOUS (B) A source of joy to the boy's in uniform through her fine concert work.
JOAN WALKER (M) Meek on the dance floor, but a demon in the classroom.
BEATRICE EASTWOOD (M) Leader of Martin. The third from 4C on the S.R.C.
CLAIRE GODIN (M) There can't be much wrong with her French.
JANET FRASER (M) What a temper.
YVONNE FREEMAN (B) Hidden charm.
NORMA HARVEY (H) One of the quieter kind.
VERLA PROCTOR (H) Why gentlemen prefer blondes.
EDNA SKARR (C) What is it that is said about goods that come in small parcels?
HAZEL MEYERS (B) A smile and a song.
JEAN CAMERON (B) Together with Ruth B. always cooking up something that is not food.
RUTH BOWEN (B) Victim of the wolf.
ART POTTS (M) The wolf in person.

BOB CRAIG (C) Operates a dating agency—for himself.
HELEN HILL (H) Of the taller type.
MURIEL DRAYCOTT (M) Certain of the boys—insists she knows her lessons.
ALLAN CRONK (H) One of the better dressers.
LESLIE McBRIDE (H) A sturdy citizen.
ROSE PITT (H) Knows all the answers about the "Sutherland Bus."
LOIS JOHNSON (B) Tops in school work, and a pillar of strength in the orchestra.
DOUG CARSON (B) A factor in our 1942 football championship and now a member of the Navy. Doug will be in there, fighting all the way.
ROSE KURYSZKO (M) Petite and quiet.
LAWRENCE WIEDRICK (C) House Leader of Cairns. French is his long suit.
JACK CLARK (C) Captain of the school basketball team—this year's champions.
TOM HEWITT (C) Another member of His Majesty's Canadian Navy. Tom is now shooting for a different kind of goal and he will make it.
BOB SASSEVILLE (C) Class President. Keen and energetic.
HAROLD STACEY (B) One of the chief reasons why we hold the soccer championship.
JACK SHAVER (C) Pianist de luxe, with "Whispering" preferred.

BOB STROTHER.

3A THUMBNAIL SKETCHES

MR. GRYTE—the man who uses a lot of face when he smiles is our swell class teacher. 3A was a good class this year although it looked like the landing lights at No. 4 SFTS on account of all the red heads. But to be frank—I could be pinched for using somebody else's name—What about the person who came to talk for JOE W. (M)—Oh, I see—Joe had a cold; JOHN D. (H)—must be related to a grapefruit,—he's just a little squirt; speaking of relations RON D. (H) has more kinfolk than a microbe; HELEN T. (C) Quit shouting! Will ya? MARY WOLFE (H) aren't we all! DICK B. (M)—laughs at the teacher's jokes so he can get through without writing —TOM M. (M) ought to try the same thing; just one word about JEAN N. (C) Hah! COLLEEN C. (C) Hah-hah! LORNA M. (H) BARBARA P. (B) and FRANCIS F. (H)—shift their brains into neutral and let their tongues idle on—they should run out of gas any time now. That left-hand corner at the back starring EFFIE H. (C), MARY B (C) and MAUDY M. (C) is as busy as a 9 cent day at Lehrer's. TOM S. (H) the flash boy of 3A has a zoot-suit with a neat pleat, double feet, and droop seat. BETTY B. (C) does our eyes a favour; CHARLOTTE S. (C) has as many curves as the Burma Road. WILLIAM B. (B) as noisy as a dead ant in a sound-proof room. MURIEL P. (H) plus violin with a tempo di-sturb de neighbour. MABEL W. (B) Mabel! Mabel! set the table—I don't think it's funny either but Joan Sparks does. PHIL S. (C) isn't himself these days—a great improvement. DAVE E. (H) a man of few words but keeps on repeating them BERNICE H. (H) A nice kid; MARY LOU FROST—An ice kid; NORMA R. (C) Flower girl. FAITH A. (C) A source for Mr. Yakes jokes. PAT K. (C) pull up a fence and lean over—oops! bumped yer head. I wonder if Roosevelt and LOIS R. (C) are running for a fourth term for president next year. BRUCE C. (H)—three of our best thinkers—Oh come now, I can write plainer than that. JOAN S. (C) is the belle that should have been told long ago. MARILYN M. (H)—Boy! look at that figure—(skating) LORRAINE C. (M)—good material—just like a bargain counter "MACCOO M." (M) and BILL H. (C) both have good physiques only "Maccoo's" is grouped better. CLIFF S. (C) gets a kick out of everything—too bad it isn't a little swifter.

For those who have read this far, the foregoing stuff, was messed up and "hen"-dorsed by KEN HENDERSON 3A.

3B BELL HOPS

First comes MISS WILSON who keeps us all on the STRAIGHT and narrow path then come all the little bellhops: GWEN C. (C) and DOT C. (M) hop in just before the bell rings and ALLAN M. (H)—just after. DAVE D (M)—would rather be harvesting than at school. GRACE L. (M)—I wonder what she's thinking about. MARG. W. (M)—Her accent LEEDS us astray. ELVA S. (B)—Has plenty of grey matter to spare. HELENA N. (C) "You're as smart as a whip!" BOB H. (H)—I wonder if he has a temper. DON B. (H)—shy, soft-spoken sax serenader. MARY M. (M)—"Her heart belongs to daddy!" SOLANGE L. (B)—Speaks French, no? GRACE S. (C) and SHIRLEY I. (C) carry on quite a confab back there. DOUG W. (C)—Mr. YAKE'S pal?

LUCILLE A. (H)—Knows all the navy slang. ROLLY W. (M)—Difficulty in using his arm for awhile! HERB C. (H)—Traps mice while HUGH H. (B) saves gopher tails! MYRTLE D. (B)—short, but oh! so sweet!! ETHEL F. (B) My! Oh my! those letters! ALMA H. (H)—Spends all her time doing her nails. JOYCE B. (B)—Meek and mild?!! BETTY C. (M) and GERALDINE C. (C) sit at the back—I wonder why. DAVE K. (C)—drums at half-price. HELEN S. (C)—How she reaches those heights is beyond me! JOAN M. (B)—Our literature scholar. VERLE C. (M)—Quack! MERLE E. (M)—6'2½" of sunshine! JEANNE R. (H)—tranquille. BARBARA T. (H)—such lovely blue eyes she has! OLIVE D. (H)—Can really beat out the ivories. MARYBELLE L. (C) continued from last year and the year before. DOT J. (B) "Wanna buy a button?" WALTER G. (M) He's in the groove at a dance. VERA S. (H)—a whiz at math. PAUL H. (M)—WESLEY D (C)—newcomers in our midst. AIRD H. (M)—Likes the icy depths of the Saskatchewan River!

—DOROTHY BRYDON (B).

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3C "YAKE'S YEGGS"

3C has survived this year under the cheerful guidance of our swell class teacher MR. YAKE.

Our welcome class additions this year include ELEANOR W. (B), RHODA J. (C), ZENOBIA B. (B), DOROTHY A. (B), DON Mc. (B), DON Mc. (B), KEN B. (C), and ALLAN W. (M) ROBIN G. (B) and SHIRLEY N. (B) are also welcomed here from Bedford Road.

Near the teacher's desk, for no particular reason we find WALTER C. (M), all sail and no anchor. ALLAN P. (B) looking for someone to give a hotfoot to.

MARGARET S. (M)—"That guy has his eye on every bag in the school."
COLLEEN S. (H)—"Yeah, now he's even got bags under them."
AUDREY A. (H)—"I betcha' my brother can beat your brother."
MURIEL W. (M)—"You're speaking of snooker, of course."
SHIRLEY Mc. (M)—Our pool room shark. ....
LORNA M. (B)—Been in more laps than a napkin.
VIRGINIA M. (H)—"Isn't she outspoken?"
LORETA L. (H)—"Oh! By whom?"
RAY C. (C)—"I suppose I am only a little pebble on the beach of your life."
MARY D. (M)—"Yes, but you might stand a better chance if you were a little bolder."
YVONNE B. (M)—Holding her own with Jim C.
MARIE D. (M) to LILLIAN J. (M)—(Confidentially)—"She tells everything she can get her ears on."

LORNA M. (B), PETRINE C. (H), BEATRICE W. (B), A few of the more quiet members of the class.

DON J. (H)—Our future basketball star.

JUDY R. (H)—Our Toronto girl, still hoping to see cowboys and Indians.

Gazing Into The Future We See

FRED P. (B)—The man on the street.

JIM C. (B)—The man lying on it.

LLOYD E. (B)—The man cleaning it.

HUGH G. (B)—Quarterback of the 1949 squad.

TOM L. (C); JIM G. (C) and JIM B. (C)—The men voted most likely to recede; to succeed and to go to seed.

JOAN CARROLL (B).

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2A TRIVIALITIES

EVELYN NEUSCH (C) and CHRISTINA CHINOWSKI—are new girls but learning fast.

RICHARD McANDREWS (H)—I wonder why he changed seats.

VERNA PAGE (M) and IRIS STUART (C)—they get a strike with every ball.

DAVE CLARK (B)—"the kiss-curl kid", so he says.

ROSE WOLFE (C)—not a scholar, but then, who likes them smart.

CHRISTINA FIDYK (H) and MYRTLE SCHOONER (C)—both small and quiet.

JOE WOOD (C)—his interests are on his right.

MARION BARNES (H)—"Oh them pines".

EARL CHERRY (M)—he thinks all the girls trail him.

BOB (S) and BETTY SALTER (H)—Bob's the brains and Betty's the brawn.

CHARRIE TOFSTED (C)—she sure gets around.

ROY SMITH (M)—a wolf on the prowl.

GAETAIN LONGTON (M)—our new French scholar.

LAURANCE MURDOCK (B)—the Romeo from Bedford.

LLEWYN SAUNDERS (B)—Here's where Strother spends his time.

JACK SMITH (C)—he is new and quite the gentleman.

COLLEEN HORGAN (M)—"Ship Ahoy", the fleet's in.

HUGH KETCHESON (M)—better known as the mad musician.

JOYCE REID (M) and ALICE REIMER (H)—quiet in class but —?

H. LOISELLE (H)—girls beware, he's a one armed driver.

ELSIE SHEPERD (B), ISABEL MURPHY (B) and EVA WILSON (C) and LORRAINE HAYDEN (C)—they all fight for Joe and Andy.

VERNON "WIMPY" PACKHAM (C)—I wonder why he always looks back at Betty S.

JANE WARNER (H)—Varsity students are her main interest.

ANDREW FIDYK (M)—all the girls love Andy.

ROY DUNLOP (M)—he's a sheep in wolf's clothing.

DON MILLAR.

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Stranger—"Does this streetcar stop at Fourth Avenue?"
Johnny Clark—"Yes. Watch me, and get off the block before I do.

Nursall—"Hooray! I got $5.00 for my latest story!"
Friend—"Congratulations. Who paid you?"
Nursall—"The Post Office. They lost it."

2B BARBARIANS

Hollywood will never know what it missed until it sees the 2B riot scene which goes into session at 9 A.M. and lasts indefinitely. The door opens, but nobody hears it. 2B wouldn't hear it if the wall blew out; Mr. Tufts, our patient prof., enters like March in a beautiful humour, and inside of five minutes is a total wreck. And is it any wonder—allow me to introduce the members of this remarkable class whose procedures would baffle any teacher:

THORSTON BONNEY (M)—our "bonney" red headed president.
DOROTHY SMITH (H)—sweet fifteen and never been—missed.
DORIS WOODS (C)—"99! Gee, I'm slipping."
ERNEST SCHLAMP (H)—astronomer—delivers stars.
PERCY LAWRENCE (B)—our industrious farm boy.
JIM RITCHIE (C)—sees all, knows little, does less.
RON REAL (B)—his Algebra brings results—but what results!
DOREEN EDMISTON (M)—Venus with arms.
EDDIE KLUCHEWSKI (B)—comes to school, works, and goes home.
DOREEN YOUNG (H)—carries the "torch" for C.P.C.I.
ROSE KOHUT (B)—her shyness becomes her.
KEITH CLEARWATER (C)—tall, dark and handsome.
RUTH MUNKLEY (B)—Mr. Gryte's problem child.
EDNA LOISELLE (B)—Favorite pastime—yearning for an airman.
RONNIE SOMMERVILL (H)—quiet at times; those times have yet to come.
LILLIAN ISMOND (M)—she gets around?
PAT SPECK (M)—why teachers grow gray.
DON CRICHTON (M)—the mighty atom.
DOROTHY HOREL (H)—cute in shorts and good in sports.
HELEN BAKER (H)—silence is golden.
MURRAY CASWELL (H)—our rugby "star".
JOY ANDREEN (C)—bubbling over with enthusiasm.
JANET CULHAM (C)—a cute way of filling up space.
LLOYD RODWELL (C)—a whiz at speaking and debating.
ANNE GILCHRIST (M)—gets in with the bell.
PAT PRYOR (B)—precious things come in small packages.
TOM LAMB (C)—gets the lowdown on everything—but schoolwork.
JOAN CHELLEW (H)—speaks in a monstrous little voice.
GEORGE YUEL (C)—quiet, but sees all and hears all.
JEAN REID (M)—our import from Quebec.
PETER PRESCESKY (B)—"Sir, are you accusing me of working?"
ALBERTA MADDEN (M)—calm, cool, and "collected".

—MARGO VAN HAERLEM (C).

2C SARDINES

In Room 6, which is nothing more than an aquarium, are to be found the choice fish of City Park's second year. The leader of this school is Mr. Kalmakoff, who keeps us all afloat.

DOROTHY GRIFFITHS (H)—Quiet, but full of enthusiasm.
JULIUS MALARO (C)—The wise old owl.
IONA SALTER (B)—Veronica Lake.
RUTH McDONALD (C)—Our charming redheaded swing-dancer.
RONNIE OLIVER (H)—2C's largest member.
GRACE SHELLEY (B)—Likes lads with trumpets.
EARLE ELLIOTT (B)—The lad with the trumpet.

LORRAINE HARVEY (M)—Bubbling over with brains.
JOAN LANE (B)—A bit of old England.
BOB HARRY (H)—Body in 2C—heart in 1C.
BETTY DYE (M)—Vim, vitality, nice personality.
JAMES MAHONEY (B)—We're glad he's not twins.
MARJORIE DAVIES (H)—She's quiet (when she's alone.)
GERALD BEAUMONT (B)—2C's scientist of tomorrow.
PEARL STRUMM (C)—Much smaller and she'd be a vacuum.
MARGARET THOMSON (M)—Made round to get around.
PETE KILLEY (M)—Knows a lot about figures.
ANN HNATUK (H)—Ask Ann, she knows.
LACHLAN CUMMINE (B)—Only fools work in the daytime.
ELIZABETH ROWLES (M)—Sees all, hears all, knows all.
JERRY STROTHER (H)—Dangerous driver, hugs the wrong curves.
JIM HALL (C)—Tickles the ivories, but hot!
PETE CAMERON (B)—Bashful Pete?
TED HUGHES (B)—A splinter off the old centimeter stick.
SHIRLEY BANKS (M)—Collects swing records, and sings swing swell.
BOB ABBEY (C)—His aim is to track moose.
SHIRLEY GRENKE (B)—Sugar isn't rationed where Shirley is.
BILL LITTLE (B)—The less you know, the less you forget.
JANE HENDERSON (C)—Silence is a virtue.
ELAINE BLACK (M)—A sample of Nutana.
RUTH FELLS (H)—Our brilliant rancher from Allan.
ELDA WALEM (C)—She gets around.
MARIE GRUENETTE (H)—New, but nice.
We're no ocean, but we're 2C's.

—ROSALIE BURRNS (H).

1A—BUT IT AIN'T HAY!

KEN T. (M) Whistles two ways—at school and at girls.
HELEN W. (C) She likes whistling.
RENNEE D. (B) The girl with a cute accent.
ALAN B. (M) The boy with the fish stories.
HELEN A. (C) Breaks everything but records.
ERIC S. (M) Bedford student at last in the right school.
NORMA B. (B) Smart kid.
STEWART H. (B) Likes teachers so stays in.
MATILDA S. (H) Likes Stewart so stays in.
RAY D. (B) Doesn't believe in working.
BILL B. (H) Surrounded by a girl.
MEL F. (H) His thoughts are elsewhere.
RON W. (C) Better late than never.
ROLAND M. (H) Patent leather hair.
LEN P. (M) Prize out of a crackerjack.
NELLIE W. (M) The joyful kid.
LORRAINE M. (C) Home before sunup anyway.
MAURICE P. (H) Lonesome for RUTH S.
HENRIETTE R. (C) Our little painter.
BETTY R. (M) Talkative one.
DAVE M. (H) Short, dark, and dangercus.
JOE J. (C) Our sea cad-et.

LEO S. (C) Muscles in the head.
LOUISE P. (B) Ask about the dip.
HUGO J. (C) Comes in once in a while.
HARRY M. Gets along good with Elida.
ELIDA L. (M) Likes Harry a lot.
BOB G. (M) Bigger than me so I won't talk about him.
PEGGY B. (B) Our quiz kid.
B0B C. (H) A good kid?
JIM M. (C) Quiet when asleep.
TOM L. Good fellow. But?
JUNE P. The friend of the boys.
DOLORES B. (H) The Blondie without Dagwood.
MR. MACKINNON Our army cadet.

BOB CONNELL (H).

1BEE STING

—By FRANK SZOMBATHY—

GORDON S. (B) Handsome President of 1B (it says here!)
EUNICE H. (B) Hedy Lamar of the Bees—(1B).
ERIC B. (H) Flirts with any girl?
EILEEN K. (M) The mistress of the gossip corner?
JOHN H. (M) Talks little, but does much.
JOHN F. (H) The man with the Gryte style.
JUDY S. (C) A smart secretary (needs a boss).
GLEN T. (M) A hard man— . . . .
ILENE L. (C) Likes hard men!
GORDON K. (B) He can, Can-oe?
DOREEN B. (M) She struck for gold, but found king.
JOE S. (C) Kind of heavy in a big way.
RAY R. (H) Latin is a good mind developer.
KAYLA W. (B) An all-round girl.
PAT C. (H) Sort of helpless in a hopeless way.
RUTH G. (M) Glamour, and how!
BUD E. (M) Army-Cadet of our class?
JACKIE J. (M) Let boygones be boygones!
SYDNEY E. (C) I know what it's like to come late!
GEORGE L. (B) Short, light, and all eyes.
AUDREY M. (B) Quiet, but dangerous?
NANCY B. (B) Mind your own bees (1B)
ZEBY K. (B) Lets Helen W.—1A, carry his books—gentleman Zeb?
EVELYN S. (C) They call her thorn — —
RUTH S. (C) Lonesome for Maurice Parsons?
RON G. (C) Nothing like relaxation, eh?
BRITA B. (B) I'd rather handle dynamite than blondes.
KAY W. (M) She likes French—(eg garcons).
DON G. (B) He carries his bag around (under eyes).
MARJORIE M. (M) Blondie, where's Dagwood?
JACK H. (M) He knows his cue (pool).
BARBARA C. (C) O my! some girls are smart (they tell me).
DOUG. W. (B) Agricola* of 1B—(*farmer).
LOIS B. (H) Dainty, so handle with care.
RALPH B. (C) Short, dark and very powerful?
MARGARET W. (B) Surprise package?
MARION R. (H) She tips the scales at 45° angle.

PHYLLIS M. (B) It's good to have brains, isn't it?
ELAINE M. (H) Boy! oh! boy!—I want a boy!
CATHY W. (H) She plays the piano—I wonder?
FRANK S. (C) A genius—at some things.
MRS. PAUL—She can handle BEES—(1B).

———//———

1C BLITZKRIEG or "It shouldn't happen to any School"

Leading the line is Mr. KNIGHT our pedagogue and friend; then comes our president and future architect HUGH B. (H) followed by BETTY W. (B) our smiling and capable secretary. ROBERTA C. (H) is well looked after; GEORGE W. (H) our junior Casanova. BILL S. (H) theme song "It's so peaceful in the country." NOREEN H. (C) Where did she get it for our gossip column? LOIS S. (B) spent an enjoyable mid-term near the rear. BETTY S. (H) Seen but not heard. AUDREY P. (C) You can't hear anything else. LEIF A. (H) keeps close to 'Terra firma. 'ELLEN D. (C) Quit stumbling. DON G. (H) Is that wave natural?? MARGARET S. (M) Does she make eyes, or does she?? MURIEL H. (M) has given her contribution to the war effort. RON B. (B) Small but, oh my! ISABEL M. (M) Is the seating plan fixed yet? JACK S. (B) Work does not agree with him. RUTH R. and ELSIE S. of Haultain do their share in the general confusion. TED S. (B) picks up a half hour's sleep during French. KEITH D. (C) the first year track star and rugby player. HOWARD B. (C) 1C's subtle Stephen Leacock. DOUG B. (B) and his Tyrone Power side burns. PAT K. (M) the late arrival. CONNIE G. (M) "Still water runs deep." DON M. (M) Our witty French student. FAY C. (H) JOAN M. (H) MERIDETH H. (B) a talkative little trio. JIM T. (M) Ist president of ICOD literary society. NATALIE H. (H) Recommends same number of holidays as they have in the STATES. PHIL A. (C) PHIL all der wood 'boxes'! CHARLES C. (H) One of Sutherland's donations. JIM D. (C) Slow but sure. GEORGE E. (C) CAN ANYONE talk faster. LAUREL S. (H) School starts at 8.55 A.M. (hint). ELIZABETH P. (H) Where does she get those newspaper clippings? BOBBY H. (M) Please call me Bob! DORIS B. (M) Where did she get those eyes? That 'chillun' is the end of the line—oh no here comes VELMA D. (M) who forget her Latin—pardon me something new has been added—ALLAN F.

—BOB SPOONER (B).

———//———

Pat Pryor—"I hear you've taken up golf. What do you go around in?"
Rollie Manson—"Usually a sweater and pants."

J. Robinson—"Did your watch stop when it dropped on the floor?"
B. Crawley—"Of course. Did you think it would go through."

C.S.M. Potts—"This new bullet will pierce two feet of solid wood, so keep your heads down!"

She—"Jack is in love with you."
Her—"Nonsense."
She—"That's what I said when I heard it."
Her—"Why, how dare you!"

Miss Maguire—"Molasses is supposed to prevent the hair from turning grey."
Dot Clement—"But wouldn't that make it difficult to remove your hat."

NOON HOUR NOTES

NOON HOUR SNACKS

JOAN S.—believes in safety in numbers.
JUDY S.—a "webb" is being spun around her.
ROSIE P.—likes the last dances best.
ELIDA L.—keeps the first years in their places.
CONNIE G.—comes with a giggle and a wiggle.
MARYBELLE L.—"Cheer up the Navy," is her motto.
JEANNE R.—our capable noon hour monitor.
MURIEL H.—is the "Shepherd's" pet lamb.
JOYCE W.—the navy is leading with the airforce close behind.
RUTH S.—she likes "Parsons" and we don't mean minister.
MARGARET W.—our silent partner.
ELIZABETH R.—Some people are just born brainy.
VERLE C.—Her "Duck" is on the water.
BETTY P.—our little pickle is some dill!
ELSIE S.—who is the "jewel" in her crown?
ISABEL M.—has her weather-eye cocked across "Clearwater."
LORRAINE H.—"If I had my way."
NELLIE W.—"We hear her before we see her."
EVA W.—-is art the only attraction at Tech?

GRACE LAMBIE.

NOON HOUR CRUMB-SCRATCHERS, (Boys)

Battling our way through the flying papers, erasers and whatnot, we arrive at a back seat where a survey of these crumb-covered masters of knowledge can be taken.

We see;—J. Murphy, our master browner, amusing anybody who will listen to him; J. Storey:—the one-man basketball blitz. R. Smith, with a rag around his neck to keep from boiling over, P. Metlock, when the temperature goes down his hat goes up. C. Commiskey and J. Beaumont (the two wolves at the noon hour girl's door) planning more adventure with the opposite sex. P. Cameron, one of the broomer boys. L. Ellis and B. Macdonald, making a new law of averages, etc. D. Kirk and M. Macdonald, only four steps behind Bing Crosby. R. Dunlop, hangs around the fountain at noon, or is at the University grounds? J. Shaver, likes to play basketball (?). B. Abbey, "Superman is a sissy compared to me." D. McAfee, has mastered basketball on his face. B. Harry, "No opposition now. Gable is in the army." E. Cherry, believes everybody should have a piece of chicken for lunch. V. Packham, the green-grocer's delivery boy and Boy! is he green. G. Yuel, the man who brings you greetings at Christmas time. (Yule Tide).

We thank Mr. Yake for the use of the lunch room and for his welcome co-operation in Noon-Hour affairs.

Anything in this note is strictly intentional and the author will not be responsible for any misunderstandings.

—BOB MYERS 43

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JOKES

Klaehn—"What are my chances with you?"
Rochon—"Two to one. You and I against my better judgment."

Mr. Andreen—"Don't you ever point a gun at me again, even if it isn't loaded."
P. Speller—"But it is!"

Mary D.—"What's wrong with the guy asking you if you can dance?"
Jean N.—"I was dancing with him when he asked me."

Bill Lamb—"I don't dance, but I'd love to hold you while you do."

Lyall—"She's pretty as a picture."
Lorne—"Nice frame too."

Neil—"Betcha the Tech team kicks off."
Sheila—"I didn't even know they were sick."

Colleen C"Of course I wouldn't say anything about her unless I could say something good. And, oh boy, is this good — - - —."

Sasseville—"But I can't play in two shoes for the left foot."
Strother—"Why not? There's a guy over there wearing two for the right foot."

Mary Lee—"Do you ever look through the keyhole when I'm entertaining my boy friend?"
Roberta—"Not a chance. Mom always gets there first."

Bob Craig—(having trouble getting a date for a dance) "You're the fourth girl I've asked without avail."
Girl—"Better wear one next time, you could use one."

Woodley—"Do you think I'm stuck up?"
Klaehn—"No, why?"
Woodley—"People as good looking as I am usually are."

Pete—"Every time I kiss you it makes me a better man."
Ruth—"Well, you needn't try to get to heaven in one night."

"You have never kissed so wonderfully before, Marly: Is it because we're in a blackout?"
"No. It's because my name is Lorraine."

Captain—(Having fallen into the sea) "Quick! drop me a line!"
P.O. Laidlaw—"Glad to, sir. What's your address?"

Bev Hogarth—"I simply adore this new dance step of yours. Where did you learn it?"
Don Kirk—"New step nothing. I'm losing my garter!"

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